



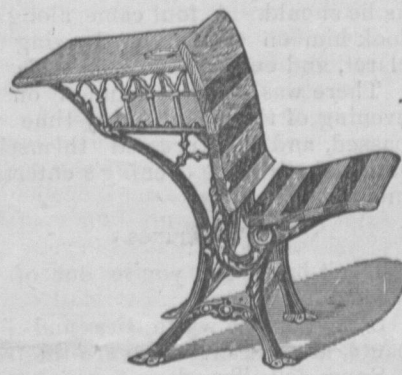
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VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1881.

NUMBER 17.

POETRY.

The Answer.

Her brown eyes beams with the tonaz tint
That hides a flame in its golden heart:
Of rose and lily her fair cheeks hint,
And with shy desire her soft lips part.
Outside in the garden the bloodbirds pour
Their rattles and roundelay,
And a whistling lad at the lady's door
Is marvelling much at her laggard ways.

His master's letter took long to read,
And long he waits for its brief reply,
But she found it bootied to ride with speed,
Eager across the miles to fly.
Little she heeds that he tarries there,
And deaf is her ear to the robin's call,
Though clear its trill in the vivid air—
"Write sweetly, love, if you write at all."

Ay, that is the plea that her dear one meant,
Though only it thrilled between the lines;
But she found it bootied to ride with speed,
Eager across the miles to fly.
Little she heeds that he tarries there,
And deaf is her ear to the robin's call,
Though clear its trill in the vivid air—
"Write sweetly, love, if you write at all."

Part of the trouble is how to begin.
This looks too formal, and that too fond.
She wishes her answer itself could spin
From her pen point light as a fairy wand.
And after beginning, her busy brain
Is vexed with the trouble of how to end;
Nor seem too chilly, nor yet too faint,
In the style of address that betrays a friend.

"Only a friend!" He is nothing more.
She whispers the phrase with a sudden joy.
Why could not she think of the fact before?
The graceful third person she can employ.
So ready, so natural, quite the thing.
How stupid to worry and waste her strength!
Outside in the garden the bloodbirds sing,
And the lady's letter is done at length.

The whistling courier lies away,
Her precious message in a safe place;
And pretty Dorothy's happy day
Reflects its light in her peaceful face.
She paints a tea-cup; she tends her flowers;
She suns a screen in her choicest art;
And all the while through the fitting hours
Sunshine and music are in her heart.

For soon as the twilight's gloom shall fold
Valley and hills in its gentle grasp,
She's sure that a firm white hand will hold
Her slender one in a clinging clasp.
And as she promises, she wears a rose
Twined in the braids of her glossy hair,
Whatever he ask her, the maiden knows
She can say but yes to so dear a prayer.

"It was a simple letter, but black and white,
It pleased her well with its manly tones,
And she's tenderly treasured it out of sight,
And treasures and tokens of all her own.
But one of these days, so the robins think,
And saucily trill in their rollicking glee,
She will write him her letter with magical ink,
And tout a vow will their motto be."
—Harper's Bazar.

STORE TELLER.

LOST AND FOUND: OR THE STORY OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

The quays at Bordeaux were resounding with the cries of "Bursac!" "Paignac!" "Langon!" "Lormond," and in succession, with the names of all the beautiful little villages, which are scattered about on the verdant banks at either side of the Garonne. Besides the boatmen, who were thus clamorous for employment, a noisy, joyous crowd were hastening along in their holiday dresses; and as if the waters of the Garonne were trying to join in the concert, an innumerable quantity of empty boats were swinging and knocking against each other, seemingly impatient to break the ropes which still held them prisoners to the shore. It was a fete-day in the month of October, 1784, the rich season of fruits and flowers was drawing to a close, and the inhabitants of Bordeaux, anxious to enjoy the short time that remained, were flocking to the country, to gather the last clusters of grapes that still remained upon the vines. The boats were fast filled, and several had already departed, when two gentlemen approached, walking arm-in-arm, the one an elderly and venerable-looking clergyman, the other a fair youth, with his hair falling in graceful curls upon his shoulders. Neither of them uttered a word, but their expressive countenances and animated gestures proved that their intercourse, though silent, was far from being uninteresting.

"Will you come into my boat, M. l'Abbe?" said a waterman, respectfully taking off his straw hat to the clergyman. "We must hasten, for the tide is going out."
"My friend," replied the Abbe, "is there not a castle in this neighbourhood called St. Ange?"
"I know it well, monsieur," said the old seaman, "for I live close by it."

"Is it far from this?" inquired the Abbe.
"With the wind in this point, we will make it in about an hour," replied the boatman.

The clergyman's young companion took no part in the conversation, but his eyes were anxiously fixed upon his friend, and after some signs had passed between them, they both entered the boat; the sail was hoisted, and the little bark was soon swiftly gliding down the river.

If you have ever lived in the south of France, you must be acquainted with the character of the people, who are honest and kind, but extremely inquisitive; thus, they will tell you everything concerning themselves and their families, and in return, will expect to hear everything about you and yours. What they do in their own case, they religiously practise in that of their neighbours; with this

difference, only that in regard to themselves they speak truth, for they know it, while of others they relate all the hearsays of the neighbourhood, always concluding with: "I give it to you as I heard it." It was not, therefore, very long before the boatman thus commenced: "You are the first visitors that I have ever taken to the castle."

"The Count de Solar, then, does not receive much company, I suppose?"

"I will tell you what, M. l'Abbe, with all respect to you, and as sure as my name is Pierre, I do not like those new proprietors. I am but a poor, ignorant man, but I know this much, that when a person acts right, he can remain in his own country and if the Count de Solar had not committed some crime, why did he leave Toulouse, his own country; and, with all respects, Toulouse is a fine city, as I hear from the Countess's lady's-maid; and there is one whom the Lord has sorely afflicted!"

"The countess's lady's-maid?" inquired the Abbe.

"No, M. l'Abbe; I am speaking of the countess herself," replied Pierre. "It is true, she is rich and beautiful, generous and kind; but what do you say, M. l'Abbe, to her having been ten years at his castle, and no one has ever yet heard the sound of her voice? Some say it is a vow—some terrible vow she has made; but others say that the countess is dumb. But how can one believe that of a woman? It is impossible!"

"Dumb!" exclaimed the Abbe, eagerly; "dumb! do you say? Oh, my God! grant that I am in the right track. But go on, my friend. The countess, you say, is dumb?"

"So it is reported, M. l'Abbe," replied the boatman; "but I must own that I for one do not believe it, for I am no chicken; I am sixty-five years old; I have had a mother, three aunts, four sisters, and a number of cousins; and I have a wife and five daughters, without reckoning neighbours, and in all my life, I have never yet seen a woman who could remain for five minutes without talking, and I have heard that some even talk in their sleep! And now, Mr. l'Abbe, do you think it possible that she can be dumb? Some say one thing and some another. But whatever may be the reason of it, one thing is sure and certain, that the Count de Solar never sees any person; that he is always grave, always melancholy, always shut up in his apartments, or walking by himself, and never seeming to be alive, except when his son, M. Le Vicomte Jules, is with him. A fine boy, upon my word, is little Jules!"

"He has a son, then?" exclaimed the Abbe, almost in a tone of disappointment: "And does his son speak?"
"Oh, charmingly, M. l'Abbe, his tongue goes like the clapper of a mill. And he has a fine spirit, and is very clever, though he cannot be more than thirteen or fourteen years of age."
"And is it known what makes the count so melancholy?" inquired the Abbe, whose venerable countenance expressed a deep interest in the subject.

"Why, M. l'Abbe," replied Pierre, "You will perhaps tell me, like M. le Cure, that I ought not to listen to idle reports, and be looking for motives in my neighbour's eye, instead of pulling the beam out of my own. Perhaps it may not be true; but, as my old grandfather used to say,

"There can be no smoke without fire."

"Well!" said the Abbe, with some impatience.

"Well, M. l'Abbe, some people say that the Count de Solar has a great sin upon his conscience."

"And of what kind?" inquired the Abbe, with deep emotion, and drawing closer to the boatman.

"Oh, it is something very serious."

At that moment, the Abbe observed his young companion standing up in the bow of the boat, his head bending over the water, and his body trembling with convulsive agitation. He then suddenly extended his arms, and uttering a wild shriek, unlike anything human, he plunged head foremost into the water.

Unmindful of his age, or even of his life, the Abbe was about to follow his young companion, when he was retained by the grasp of the boatman. "Can the young man swim?" he inquired.

"Like a fish!" replied the Abbe, becoming more composed, for he saw a few yards before him the fair head of the youth above the water, but the next moment he disappeared.

"Never fear, M. l'Abbe," said the boatman, who, though busily engaged in taking down the sail, kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the river. "There he is again! Oh, he will save him, he will save him!"

"Who?" inquired the Abbe. "Is there any one in danger but my Joseph?"

"Why, do you think the young lad only threw himself into the water to frighten us?" said the boatman, who, having taken in his sail, was carefully steering towards the swimmer. "You did not see it, M. l'Abbe, for your back was turned to it; but while we were talking I had my eye upon a little craft that was sailing right before us; I did not like her tackle. But perhaps, M. l'Abbe, you don't know any more about boats than the boy who was steering her, for I could see that it was only a young boy. All at once, it happened just as I foresaw the moment a strange breeze caught her, she capsized, and—But there, again is Joseph, as you call him."

"God be praised! there he is and holding fast the other. Hasten, my friend; hasten to them!"
"Two pulls of the oar brought them within reach of the lads, and with the aid of the Abbe, they were both rescued, and laid down in the bottom of the boat. Their eyes were closed; and though they still breathed, they seemed to be perfectly exhausted."

"Why, this is little Solar!" said the boatman, as he opened the dress of one of the youths to give him air, while the Abbe was taking the same care of his pupil.

"Solar! do you say? Can this be the son of the Count de Solar?" said the Abbe, whose spirits began to revive as he saw the color returning to Joseph's face.

"He is the son of the Count de Solar, who lives at the castle of St. Ange. Look, M. l'Abbe, at the beautiful boy; he is opening his eyes."

"O, my God. I thank thee!" exclaimed the Abbe. "Thy ways are inscrutable, and thy mercies infinite. Hasten, my good friend! Let us hasten to the castle before they become chilled!"

At that moment, the two youths, as if life, motion and feeling were restored to them together, gently raised their heads, though still stupified from the danger which they had just escaped, and endeavoured to look about them. Little Solar was the first to speak. "Saved!" he exclaimed. "I am saved! Oh, thank God! It would have killed my poor mother!"
"Right, my boy," said the Abbe; "the first thought for God, the second for your mother, and your third should be for your preserver." As he said this, the Abbe pointed to Joseph, who was lying beside him.

"What! it is to you that I owe my life?" said young Solar, throwing his arms round Joseph. The two lads affectionately embraced; and then Jules burst forth with all the enthusiasm of a young and grateful heart. "Oh, I thank you, especially for my mother's sake, for my death would have caused her unutterable sorrow. How kind it was of you to come to my assistance! How I love you! Oh, if you knew how much I suffered in that short time; and yet it seemed so long when I saw the boat turn round and upset, when I felt the water covering my head and stifling me! Oh, how mamma will bless you!—how my father will thank you! What is your name? But you will not answer me," said Jules; "will you not love me?"
"Make yourself easy, my amiable boy," said the Abbe; "my Joseph will love you."

"Then why will he not speak to me, and tell me so himself?" asked Jules, in a tone of chagrin.

"Alas, my boy, because he does not hear you—because he is deaf and dumb from his birth."

"Like my mamma!" exclaimed Jules.

"Is your mother deaf and dumb?" cried the Abbe, almost frantically; "is she deaf and dumb? O merciful Providence! quick, boatman, quick! Pull your oars, my friends! I am near the end of my search, and of all my anxieties."

"Yes, boatman!" added Jules; "let us make haste, for I am longing to present my deliverer to my father and mother." Then almost immediately after he exclaimed: "But no, that cannot be!"

"Why, what mean your words?" inquired the Abbe.

"Oh, monsieur," said Jules, clasping his hands, "before I was born, my mother had another son; he was deaf and dumb, but he is dead now, and my mother has never recovered her health since his loss. She is very delicate, and the least agitation makes her ill. If this young man were to be suddenly presented to her, it would remind her too strongly of my poor brother, and it might kill her. I must prepare her for the interview with my deliverer!"

"I approve of your caution," replied the Abbe, who was powerfully affected by the boy's words. He then turned to his pupil, with whom he began to converse rapidly on his fingers, which the latter watched with anxious eyes, and then burst into tears. The Abbe folded him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart in a transport of joy.

"What is the meaning of all that?" inquired Jules.

"You shall know it by and by, my dear boy," replied the Abbe. "In the meantime, as I cannot take my young pupil to the house, can you point out some place where he will obtain the attention he requires?"

"Oh, M. l'Abbe, the young gentleman need not go beyond my house: I am not rich," said the boatman, "but I can promise him some good soup and a warm bed. See, I live in that small white house to your right."

"Your offer is not to be refused, my good friend, and I thankfully accept it," said the Abbe.

They were now opposite the boatman's house, who hailed his wife before he came to land. A stout, handsome country-woman ran joyfully out at the sound of his well-known voice. "You are in good time to-day, Pierrette," said she; "Your dinner is ready for you."

"Cadichone," said her husband, "this young gentleman has fallen into the water; take him into our house, make a good fire, and warm a pair of white sheets for our bed, and put him into it, then give him a bowl of hot soup. I fear that is all, gentlemen, that I can do for you."

"It is all we require," said the Abbe, who continued to converse with his pupil on his fingers. He then assisted him out of the boat, and placed him in the hands of the countrywoman, accompanying his recommendation with a few crownpieces; he then returned to the boat, which was again pushed off, in order to land at a little distance under an old castle which overlooked the waters of the Garonne.

After the departure of Joseph, Jules, who had hitherto been sustained by the excitement of seeing his deliverer, fell into a state of drowsiness, which rendered him incapable of answering the questions of the Abbe. He was so helpless, that, on landing, the boatman was obliged to take him in his arms, and carry him to the castle. His arrival caused a great sensation. The servants run to inform the count, who immediately appeared. His agitation was so great, that he could hardly be made to understand how his son had been saved. Of all that was told him, one thing only struck on both his ear and his heart—his son had fallen into the water. He had felt but one terrible, overpowering sensation: it was, that his son might have died. Aided by the Abbe, he carried his child himself to his room, and saw him placed in warm blankets in his bed. A lady soon after entered the room. She was tall, and of very dignified appearance; her countenance though sweet and gentle, bore an expression of great sadness. Not having been informed of what had taken place, and seeing only the Abbe, she rushed forward, and threw herself into his arms, with all the warm affection of a daughter restored to a long-absent parent; then, after giving way for a few moments to the joy of so unexpected a meeting with an old and valued friend, she took him by the hand, and presented him to the count, making at the same time, a few signs with her fingers, which he perfectly understood.

"The Abbe de l'Epee," said he, bowing respectfully to that great benefactor of mankind. "I am happy to make the acquaintance of one for whom the countess retains a most sincere regard, and who is so universally respected."
"My child, my beloved child!" said the Abbe, taking both the hands of the countess between his own. Then, turning to the count, he said: "If I have been the means of ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, and banishing their ignorance, and developing their mental powers, it is to the mother of the countess that is to the world is indebted for it—to the mother of dear Madeleine. You will permit me to call her so, M. le Comte; for is she not my child, the precious gem that I was the humble instrument of bringing to perfection?"

The countess was now informed of what had happened to her son; and rushing to his bed, she learned from him everything connected with his accident, and the way in which his life had been saved by a young friend of the Abbe. In vain she asked to see him: She was told that she should see him by and by. While the countess was occupied with her son, and bestowing on him those cares which a tender mother alone could devise, the Abbe, seated on a sofa beside the count, was examining with deep attention the person whom he had come so far to meet. The Count de Solar had certainly been a handsome man; but traces of deep grief were evident in his countenance, and had permanently furrowed his broad and lofty forehead, and dimmed the lustre of his fine blue eyes.

"What trouble it must have cost you, M. l'Abbe," said the count— "what thought and what labour, to invent and bring to perfection that

wonderful art which, I may say, gives the faculty of speech to the deaf-mutes!"

"I was not the inventor of it, M. le Comte," replied the Abbe, modestly; "I have only followed the dictates of humanity, which became my office. He who first invented the wonderful art, which I have perhaps improved, was a monk of the monastery of Ona, in Spain, named Pierre de Ponce. In 1570, a high-constable in Castile had a sister and two brothers, who were deaf and dumb. Pierre de Ponce taught them to read, write and keep accounts. He instructed them also in the principles of religion, in the ancient and modern languages, painting, geography, and astronomy. His method was simple: he taught them to trace the characters of the alphabet, and indicated the pronunciation by the movement of the lips and the tongue."

When they were able to form the words, he showed them the things expressed. Beyond this, De Ponce has left us no detail of his proceedings. I have drawn but from two works, both written by Spaniards—Jean Paul Bonet and Ramirez de Carion. In 1748, I met at Paris with another Spaniard, named Pereira, who presented several of his pupils to the Academy of Science, and received from that society the most flattering commendation. I will now relate the circumstance which led me to devote myself to this most interesting class of my fellow-creatures. While walking in Paris one day, when about twenty years of age, I suddenly heard some screams of terror behind me, and on turning about, I beheld a horse, with a gig attached to it galloping furiously down the street; and at about 20 paces before the horse, two young ladies were quietly walking, without seeming to be at all aware of their perilous position. I rushed forward, and pulled them hastily on one side; then shewing them the spirited animal on the very spot where they had been but a moment before, I asked them why they had not sooner moved out of the way. Whether it was the sight of the danger from which they had escaped, or the vehemence of my gestures, I know not, but they understood my question; and while one of them looked with a bewildered air after the horse and gig, the other, with a melancholy smile, pointed to her ears and mouth, giving me to understand the reason of her apparent inadvertence. I accompanied the two young ladies home, who introduced me to their aunt, with whom they resided. The old lady received me kindly, and thanked me warmly for the service I had done her nieces. It was then I determined to devote myself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and to try with these young and ignorant girls an experiment that had long been occupying my mind—that of substituting signs for the articulation of the voice, and thus to unite them by the tie of conversation to the rest of the world.

I served my apprenticeship, I may say, to these two sisters, and succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectation; inasmuch that the eldest became a most lovely woman, and married M. de Bellegarde, the father of the countess. In the meanwhile, the Bishop of Troyes (Bossuet) brought me into his diocese, and appointed me a canon of the cathedral. Absorbed still with the same idea, and now better able to carry it into execution, I determined to establish an institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes. This, however, I should not have been able to accomplish but for the liberal aid of the Duke de Penthièvre. I have now related my history, M. le Comte, it is short and simple."

"And truly sublime, M. l'Abbe," said the count. "How happy I feel that chance has brought you!"
"Speak not of chance, M. le Comte," interrupted the Abbe. "I know of no such thing. I have for some years been seeking you, though ignorant of your name, and it is only within the last fortnight that I learned it."

"Seeking me!" exclaimed the count, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the Abbe; "and I would wish to have a private conversation with you."

"Are we not alone, or very nearly so?" said the count.

"The Countess understands with her eyes as we do with our ears, M. le Comte," observed the Abbe, turning towards the bed where Jules was in a profound sleep, under the eye of his mother, who was anxiously watching him. "At present, a little business, which I will hereafter explain, obliges me to shorten my visit; but if you will allow me, I will call in the evening, when I shall hope to find that my labour has not been in vain." The Abbe then took his leave, and returned to the cottage where he had left his *protege*.

According to the directions of her husband, Cadichone had taken every care of the young mute. After placing him in a warm bed, she mullied a tumbler of wine with spice and

sugar, which she made him take, and he soon after fell into a comfortable sleep.

When Joseph awoke, he saw a servant standing at the foot of the bed, who presented him with a letter, pointing to him to read it, and then drawing back to await an answer.

Joseph raised himself up to read the letter, and saw his kind friend, the Abbe, fast asleep on a sort of sofa near him. The sun was shining brightly into his window, a proof that he had taken a long sleep, even the whole night as well as the afternoon of the preceding day. He broke the seal, and commenced to read as follows:—

"Oh, how my heart beats and my hand trembles! I am writing to you by the light of my night-lamp. If it were day, I would run and throw myself into your arms; and ill and weak as I still feel, I am afraid that in the morning I shall not be let out. The servant who is left to watch me shall therefore carry you this letter, and my heart goes with it."

"I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by the noise of chairs in the adjoining room, the partition is so thin, and whatever passes in the one room is heard in the other. I could plainly distinguish the voice of the clergyman who was with you in the boat, and his first words struck me so forcibly, that they could not but fix my attention. 'M. le Comte,' said he, 'I expect you will answer me as in the sight of God. Thirteen years ago, I was traveling on horseback to Peronne; night came on. All at once, my horse refused to advance. I dismounted, to try and discover the object that frightened him: it was a child lying fast asleep upon the road. I took him up, and carried him before me to Peronne. He appeared to be about four years of age and very beautiful, but dirty, and covered with rags. I questioned him in vain: the unfortunate child was deaf and dumb. I brought up this boy, M. le Comte; I educated him; and as soon as he was capable of communicating his ideas, he told me that when he was very little, a young and beautiful woman used to caress him with great affection, play with him, and twist his long ringlets round her fingers; that she wore fine clothes. But one night he was put into a carriage with a man; that the carriage rolled on for a long time, a very long time, but that at last it stopped at a cottage in the country; that he was then stripped of his clothes, and another man took him by the hand, and made him walk a long way, but always at night; that one night he was so tired, he lay down and fell asleep. It was the night I found him, M. le Comte."

Here the abbe stopped, as if expecting an answer; but as my father did not speak, he went on: "As soon as the boy grew up a little, I traveled about with him, relating his story to every one, in the hope of discovering his parents. A fortnight ago, being in Toulouse, I was crossing a square, when Joseph, as I have called him, became pale and agitated; his eyes wandered eagerly over every object—the trees, the houses, the seats, all seemed to absorb his attention: he then suddenly burst into tears, and rushing forward to a large house, he caught hold of a rather curiously wrought metal ring, which formed the handle of the house-bell. It was here, he told me, that he was born; and that the servant who took care of him used to lift him up that he might ring the bell himself. He pulled it at the same time, and I need not say in vain; the house was uninhabited; but I learned on inquiry, that it belonged to the Count de Solar, who now resided at the castle of St. Ange, about three leagues from Bordeaux. This is the cause of my visit."

"And the boy! the boy?" exclaimed my father; and I knew by his voice that he was weeping.

"He is at a very short distance from you," replied the Abbe; "and it was he who saved the life of your second son this morning?"

"Oh, let us go—let us go to him!" exclaimed my father; and I, never forgetting that I was only an involuntary listener, jumped out of bed, crying out like my father: "Oh, let us go—let us go!" But the next moment I heard my father say: "But it is impossible, M. l'Abbe; it is impossible."

"Oh, my brother, for you are my brother; and if you are refused your just rights, I will restore them to you, or go and share your poverty. But now attend, my dear brother, to the account my father gave to the Abbe. He was in great grief when he found that you were deaf and dumb; but when, two years afterwards, I was born, his grief changed into dislike, and he harbored evil thoughts against you, for he could not bear that you should be the heir to his title and estates."

"During a time of illness in the family, when my mother was confined to her bed, and we were all ill, my father employed, as he thought, a faithful person, the son of an old servant, to convey you to a convent at Madrid, where he had made arrangements with the Superior that both should be boarded. My father desired the man, whose name was Boujot, to take care of you; and promised that if you lived, he would send for you in about ten years, and adopt you; but that he was determined I should be his heir. In the meantime, he would spread a report of your death. But oh, my dear brother! how God frustrates the designs of men!"

"Boujot was from Picardy, and he had an attachment there. What

(Continued on 4th page.)

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Twelfth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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In a periodical called the "Archives of Otology," we find a couple of articles on the Audiphone and Dentaphone; and since there has been quite a diversity of opinion concerning the merits of the Audiphone among those who have had every opportunity for testing it, we think it would be well to give the conclusions arrived at from a theoretical standpoint, as well as those determined from scientific and practical experiments.

The writer of the first article is Charles S. Turnbull, M.D., of Philadelphia.

Dr. Turnbull gives a description of the audiphone, which it is quite unnecessary here to repeat, as all of our readers have heard of or seen the fan-like sheet of vulcanized rubber which, with a simple cord attachment for curving it, makes up the instrument. It has hitherto been believed that those who are partially deaf could be benefited by the audiphone; but Dr. Turnbull states that partially deaf persons, from whatever cause, as a rule, derive no benefit from the application of the audiphone. The cases wherein it has proved most successful, are those in which the ability to hear loud sounds through the ear is reduced to a minimum. Dr. Turnbull says that the instrument will no doubt be found useful in teaching children by Bell's system of visible speech, and thinks that the inventor is entitled to great praise, not only for the novel invention, but for its novel application.

His comments on the dentaphone partake of the same spirit. He considers the dentaphone a more ingenious and handy application, and says it will be found useful for precisely the same class of cases as the audiphone.

The other article, in the next number of the same periodical, by Dr. H. Knapp, of New York, leads off as follows:

"The extravagant expectations which the fanciful announcements of the 'marvelous invention of the audiphone' had awakened in the minds of both physicians and patients, have soon and sadly been disappointed."

Dr. Knapp says that only two classes of persons can be benefited by the audiphone, namely, those who can hear loud words spoken near the head but not through a hearing-trumpet, and those to whom the sounds of words through a trumpet are so disagreeable that they prefer to dispense with it.

He then proceeds to show that by practical experiment the hearing trumpet is found to give better results than the audiphone. His conclusion is that the audiphone is not a useless instrument, but will be found to increase, in a moderate degree, the hearing power of the majority of very deaf persons, though in every case that he has examined, the value of the audiphone has been exceeded, and in most cases greatly exceeded, by the ear-trumpet.

From all that has been done and said in regard to these "phones," it would appear that they are not of much benefit to deaf-mutes, and that the theoretical conclusions are always toned down by a little practical experiment.

If any of our readers desire to know whether they belong to the class of deaf persons who can be benefited by the audiphone or dentaphone, they can find out without going to the expense of purchasing an instrument, as follows:

Get a piece of smooth thin cardboard, of about twelve inches square, round off the corners, then, curving it slightly, place against the upper teeth;

if any sound can be distinguished in this way, the audiphone will produce a like result, though we do not believe that the volume of sound will be greater.

Do not fancy you can hear any sound in this way, but make sure before you arrive at any decision in the matter. All deaf-mutes and semi-mutes can feel a few vibratory sounds, but that is of no account, as in order to be of practical value the sounds must be heard so distinctly that the varied tones of the voice can be recognized.

We have received a pamphlet containing the proceedings of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission at its annual meeting in Portland, Me., last January.

The report of the President, Charles Aug. Brown, and the sermon delivered by Mr. George B. Keniston, formerly of Hampden, Me., but now of Everett, Mass., are both very interesting.

Rev. Samuel Rowe, the State Missionary and General Manager, in his "Salutation," which is full of Christian earnestness, gives the statistical results of his labors during the three years ending December 31st, 1880. The number of services held were 85, and the aggregate attendance 1,847.

The Constitution of the Mission is included in the pamphlet, as are also the names of the present and past members.

The officers are: President, Chas. Aug. Brown, of Belfast; Secretary, Ebenezer W. Curtis, of New Gloucester; Treasurer, Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray; and State Missionary and General Manager, Rev. Samuel Rowe. The next convention will be held on the last Saturday of August next.

NOTICES.

Deaf-Mutes desiring to be confirmed, will please call on Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church, No. 9 West 18th, St., on Sunday afternoons at 2 o'clock. Confirmation will be administered in St. Ann's Church on Sunday, May 8th.

Deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity are invited to services in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes, near Ferdinand St., next Sunday, May 1st, at 12 M. and 3:30 P.M. The noon service is the Holy Communion. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will officiate.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Harry Powell says he will get a new suit of clothes this week.

"Mechanic" must send his real name if he wishes his article printed.

Charles Cooper is working in the tobacco factory of Mr. Hess, of Rochester, a steady man.

It is said that Mr. Washington Houston of Parkford, Pa., walks very quickly and gracefully.

Illinois has a fat deaf-mute whose weight is over 210 pounds. His name is John Gosselin, of Elgin, Ill.

Miss Libbie Sherlock will move to Genesee, N. Y., about 60 miles from Rochester, to live. She is unmarried.

Mr. Louis Denton is in Rochester now as a guest, and will go home to Geneva, N. Y., in a few months.

Madison P. Sawtelle is a Maine farmer. He raises cattle, hogs, poultry, etc., and is doing a good business. So much for deaf-mute enterprise.

Sven Malmar, of Farmersville, N. Y., visited Mr. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., last week. Mr. Malmar was looking for work at his trade.

The Exhibition of the 44th St. School will take place at Chickering Hall, New York City, on Monday evening, May 9th, commencing at 7:30 P.M.

Thomas W. Tynan, of New York City, a former pupil of the Forty-fourth Street School, and a pupil at the New York Institution during 1879-80, died at the residence of his parents last week.

Mr. A. Kowald, of Buffalo, N. Y., while talking with a former employer, named John Stroetman, a shoe manufacturer, heard that J. M. T. Davis had been at Stroetman's selling alphabet cards for 5 cents each.

A practical tailor, a semi-mute, desires to know through the JOURNAL by any deaf-mute of St. Louis, Mo., or of any good western city, if there is plenty of room for a successful opening of tailoring.

In chronicle the list of officers of the "Social Union," the name of Mr. Jacques Loew was put down as sergeant-at-arms. The nominating and voting for that office was a mere practical joke. Mr. Loew is highly indignant at being put down to serve in such a capacity.

Mr. George Kaiser and wife, both uneducated deaf-mutes, have a very fine and comfortable house in Reading, Pa. Although uneducated, they know how to make a good living, and manage their household affairs admirably. The wife is a semi-mute, and can only speak German. They are childless. They both, long ago, learned the sign-language from some educated deaf-mutes. Mr. Kaiser is a carpenter by trade, and works for the Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Company, and is liked and respected by all the employers and employees. He understands his trade fully and the company gives him steady work.

A. E. V.—The clipping "Deaf and Dumb Barbers," which you sent, was printed in the JOURNAL of February 3d, 1881.

Mr. Joe. Devlin, of Philadelphia, was presented with a splendid bouncing boy last Monday morning. Mother and child are well.

Mr. William E. Guss, of Philadelphia, was elected President to fill the vacancy of M. C. Fortescue, resigned, for the unexpired term. Mr. Thos. Breen was elected assistant Secretary of the C. L. A., in place of Mr. W. E. Guss.

Mr. Martin C. Portescue, tendered his resignation as President of the Clero Literary Association of Philadelphia, on account of the pressure of work for the mission, and it was accepted with great regret.

At Newport, R. I., Saturday, James Contri, a deaf-mute, attempted to commit suicide. He went into the police station about 7 P. M., and acted somewhat strangely. Going out he proceeded down the wharf and jumped into the harbor. He was rescued with great difficulty.

Shoemakersville has two semi-mutes and three born deaf-mutes, making five in all. Two of the above are pupils at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia, and this is their sixth year at school, so it is their last year.

Wm. H. Eakins, of Shoemakersville, Pa., is a semi-mute. His wife was born deaf and dumb. Their nineteen months old daughter is blessed with all the senses and is a most remarkably sweet child. She weighs 30½ pounds, and is the fattest baby of this place of her age.

James H. Caton, a deaf, dumb and blind boy of the New York Institution, would like to meet his friend, Mr. Terhush, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 12th of next month, at the Broadway Tabernacle, where James Caton is to take part in an exhibition given by the pupils of Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, of Morrisania, N. Y., are rejoicing over the confirmation of their daughter by Bishop Potter, which took place at St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, Mott Haven, N. Y., on the 19th inst. Many of their friends witnessed the confirmation.

Superintendent DeMotte, of the Kansas Institution, has announced in the Kansas Star the paper published at the Institution over which he presides, that the Closing Exercises of the Institution will take place on June 7th, and the pupils will start for home on June 8th.

There are three deaf-mutes working in Reading, Pa., car shops—George Kaiser, has been employed there as a carpenter for 18 years, Isaac Jacobs as a blacksmith for 10 years, and John Botzum as a carpenter for four years. The first two are uneducated, and the latter will go to school again next September.

Mr. Hugh E. Gross, formerly of Chester Co., Pa., is working for Messrs. Myers & Heim, Merchant tailors, of Reading, and is considered to be one of the most skillful workmen of Reading, and is the foreman of the shop where he works. He is a fine gentleman, and is the admirer of all deaf-mute ladies of Reading and vicinity.

Mr. Seymour N. Wood died with the Pneumonia in Syracuse, N. Y., last Monday morning at 1 o'clock and was buried Wednesday, the 27th. His age was 73 and he was the father of Evelyn P. Wood, a deaf-mute. His golden wedding would have occurred on the 9th of June next, if his life had been spared.

A correspondent writes: "It seems that a Minister with a full knowledge of the deaf-mute sign-language is pretty sharply needed in Reading, Pa., semi-weekly. I have learned that Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia, occasionally goes there, and delivers a sermon, but he should go there often if possible, as his services are badly needed there."

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes received some valuable gifts on Easter-Day—viz., a new communion set, an elegant Bible and several Prayer-books, some altar linen, a credence table and rest for the alms-basin, a Baptismal Ewer and a beautiful supply of flowers. Quite a number of these gifts were memorials of God's ones who are at rest in Paradise.

A capital little piece of character painting, full of life and expression, is John P. Tresch's "Captain of the Guard," (No 551 at the National Academy of Design). The figure looks almost as though it might be a portrait of Harry Elyng, the actor, and Mr. Tresch has contrived to put into it capital action and an excellent knowledge of technique.—N. Y. Evening Express, April 20, 1881.

Mr. James Wilson, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Philadelphia, has lately received the sum of one thousand and one hundred and fifty dollars from the government on account of his service during the war. Mr. Wilson received nothing for his wounds received at the time, nor for the sickness incurred, and consequently was entitled to the above amount, it having been about sixteen years since the war closed. This neat little sum will prove quite a boon to Mr. Wilson and his family. We understand also that he will receive six dollars a month from this time until the day of his death.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain has taken a house at Garden City, hoping the change will be beneficial to their invalid boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Knox remain, and as usual receive cordially and kindly the many friends who are constantly dropping in upon them.

Mrs. Chamberlain keeps her studio at 788 Broadway, and will always be glad to see any who may call on Thursdays. A picture of Mrs. E. O. Perrin, by Mrs. Chamberlain, has been much admired, at Albany. She is now at work on a water color portrait of Judge Rappallo.

Laura Bridgman.

At the public meeting recently held in Tremont Temple, in behalf of the fund for printing books for the blind, at the close of the addresses Laura Bridgman, to whom much attention was directed, went forward, accompanied by another blind lady, who acted as interpreter to the audience. Miss Bridgman, being deaf, dumb and blind, manifested in her singular accomplishments the most extraordinary training of the intelligence and emotion accompanying the counseling words she read from the Scriptures, and her fingers twitched in the strange, convulsive and the blending of ingenuity, patience and philanthropy by which such results were wrought, made the strongest possible plea for the object of the meeting.—South Boston Enquirer, April 16, 1881.

Julius W. Bissett is working as a carpenter at Sandy Hook, West Va. He is doing well.

A social party was held at Edward R. Carroll's residence, No. 155 Greenwood street, Cleveland, Ohio, Saturday evening, April 23d.

Mrs. Ann Thomson and sister, Emma Humphrey, are employed in a Cleveland, Ohio, book-binders, and receive good wages.

Hugh Taef, formerly a supervisor of the New York Institution, is filling a similar position at the 44th Street School.

A Virginian Correspondent asks why the deaf-mute teachers of the Virginia Institution do not contribute to the columns of the JOURNAL.

Mr. William Hebing is still an optician, in the Optical Building in Rochester. He has good pay. He is an unmarried man, and lives with his mother.

Miss Annie Spafford works in a clothing establishment in Rochester, and is a good trimmer, so the proprietors say. They like her well. She is a young maid.

Isabella Faragher works in North Parma as a house-cleaner. She is a smart house-cleaner, and is unmarried. She has twelve hearing brothers and sisters in Rochester.

Mr. Martin Turner is engaged in the cooper business, and is doing very well. He has a bright little girl, about nine months old, who was baptized by Rev. Mann a few months ago.

Mr. Samuel M. DeYoung, of Rochester, N. Y., is a painter on the railroad. Mrs. DeYoung keeps house, and has two nice daughters, who can make funny signs which their father taught them.

Mr. James W. McAlexander met Judge De Courcy in Memphis recently. He took Rev. Job Turner around the city. He is doing well in the U. S. Mail service, and is in the best of health.

Patrick McLaughlin, a deaf-mute from Ireland, a shoe-maker by trade, lives in Avon, N. Y. His wife was killed by an engine on the Erie Railroad some two years ago. He has some children in Avon, and he is looking for a wife. He owns a good house and farm.

Mr. Wm. M. Gardner is a deaf-mute who lives in Lost Nation, Ia. He is Assistant Pastor of the Congregationalist Church of that place. He writes that he would like to preach to deaf-mutes in any State in the Union. He is a graduate of the American Asylum.

Our correspondent at Cleveland, Ohio, has learned since sending the item regarding Mrs. Hutton's children, that one of the children supposed to be deaf by the officers of the Industrial Home, is able to hear. He takes pleasure in making the correction.

During the past five weeks, the number of confirmations within Rev. Mr. Mann's missionary charge has reached seventeen. As follows: Detroit, three; Jackson, three; Grand Rapids, one; Cleveland, two; Indianapolis, eight.

Two deaf-mutes were confirmed in St. Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y., on Easter Sunday, by Bishop Cox. Mr. Edward P. Hart interpreted the confirmation service from Bishop Cox, while confirming them. Their names are Chas. Cooper and Mary Overton. John C. Acker is their shepherd.

Bishop Talbot, of Indiana, confirmed eight deaf-mute candidates at Christ Church, Indianapolis, on Easter Sunday, at 7:30 P. M. Rev. Mr. Mann, interpreted a part of the confirmation service. He conducted two services at the Institution besides the usual one at the church. At this latter he baptized three adults.

The item that appeared in the JOURNAL concerning Hattie Deuel, of Iowa City, Iowa, whose remarkable feat has already made her famous, and who had fasted 46 days, which is unsurpassed by Dr. Tanner, died on the 13th inst. She was able to communicate to her friends by means of her fingers and a stick, and was silent for three years.

Mr. Milton Carr, of Sparta, Ill., a printer by trade, says he is still holding a case on the *Planiveler*, where he has faithfully served for three years. He is a man of means, having inherited his grandfather's property. Girls, you should make a note of this. He has a pretty monstache, and is considered an icy "masher," and sports a nice stove-pipe hat, which makes him look killing, much to the delight of his friends and relatives. He says he will "hold the fort" in his situation. He was educated in the Illinois Institution and graduated in '74.

John C. Acker is still a type slinger in a Rochester, N. Y., job printing office. He can set seven to eight pages of law cases per day, and he makes up the form himself, and does it as well as any practical printer. He is still lay reader of St. Luke's Church, and officiates every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and he says he will be glad to see the deaf-mutes who visit Rochester at his services. His chapel is on Fitzhugh street, opposite the City Hall and Court House.

A mute marriage was performed in Kansas City on the afternoon of the 23d of March. Miss Eloise E. Dies, for a long time a resident of Danville, a mute, was married to Mr. Frank Laughlin, also a mute, of Quincy, Ill., by Dr. DeMotte, of the deaf-mute institution at Olathe, Kansas. The couple were educated in the Illinois Institution, and they are congratulated and wished a life of success and prosperity. They will reside in Kansas, it is understood. Mr. Laughlin is a farmer by occupation.

August Kowald, of Buffalo, N. Y., and his wife and daughter "Bell," took a buggy ride to Kowald's grandparents' residence, a wealthy and old farmer living near Tonawanda, ten miles from Buffalo. Afterward they made another visit to Kowald's uncle. Bell's grand parents are very old, the father is 95 years old, and the mother 95. Both are healthy and seem able to live to be 110 years of age. Mr. Kowald and his wife both had a pleasant time.

Miss Mary A. Riley, of Newburgh, N. Y., was a pupil of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. She paid her friend, Mrs. Peter W. Edmonston, of Cornwall, N. Y., a flying visit on Sunday, April 10th. Mrs. E. said she was surprised at the unexpected visit, and had a splendid time conversing with Miss R. Miss R. is a handsome lady. She would like to hear from her friend, Miss Henry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., through the JOURNAL. Her address is 59 Colton St., Newburgh, N. Y., care of Miss Martin.

Isaac B. Ries, formerly a pupil of the Jackson (Miss.) Institution, but who came to attend the Michigan Institution two years ago for the purpose of acquiring the cabinet-maker's trade, as there was none at his first school, is going home on the 17th of June. He first leaves for Chicago, and thence goes to St. Louis, Mo. After this he will proceed to Nashville, Tenn., and then change cars for Jackson. From there he will go to his dear home in Vicksburg, Miss., which will probably be his permanent residence.

The JOURNAL is a NATIONAL paper.—Goodson Gazette.

Mr. Peter W. Edmonston, of Cornwall, N. Y., is patiently waiting to hear from his friend, Mr. Geo. W. Schutt, of Saugerties, N. Y.

The wife of William Fitzgerald, of New York City, has been suffering from a cold and rheumatism for the past two months. She is at present confined to her bed.

The Scripture says there is more hope for the fool than there is for him who is wise—in his own conceit. Whether the remark is applicable to newspapers or not we cannot tell.—Goodson Gazette.

[If it is applicable to newspapers, the Goodson Gazette man has reason to rejoice.]

An inquest on the body of a woman named Fortier, killed on the Occidental Railway, near St. Rose, Canada, showed that she had been walking along on the track to her brother's residence, and being 62 years of age and deaf and dumb, did not hear the whistle. The verdict returned was accidental death.—Montreal Witness.

Mr. Edwin Cowles, of the Cleveland (Ohio) Leader, is the victim of a singular infirmity of nature. He says it partakes somewhat of the hearing of color-blindness as that affects the eye, being unable to hear certain sounds at all. For example, he has never heard the sound of a bird's song in his life. A whole room full of canaries might be in full song and yet he could not hear a note, but the rustling of their wings would be distinctly heard by him. He can hear all the vowels, but there are many consonant sounds which he has never heard. He can hear a man whisper, but could not hear him whistle. The upper notes of a piano, violin, or other musical instrument he never hears, but the lower notes he hears without difficulty.—New York Times.

Mistaken.

There is such a thing as throwing away pearls without casting them before "swine," or giving them "to the dogs."

A good man, conspicuous for his helpful interest in the young, occupied the pulpit of a church in western Massachusetts on a recent Sunday.

His heart was gladdened by the sight of an array of bright looking boys in some front seats.

The speaker talked at these boys with a genuine enthusiasm, his ardor rising at the seeming quick response which his earnest words met in the brightened eyes and attentive attitude of the chosen objects of his "personal application" of the most wholesome truth.

The preacher was a little puzzled for the moment to note the unseemly levity of the congregation, but his burning zeal was not quenched and he drove the truth clean home with sledge-hammer blows.

Going out of the sanctuary, the visiting brother, still glowing with the pleasant warmth of successful effort, asked the pastor whose those bright-looking boys were on certain seats. "Those" said the minister, gently, "are the pupils of our deaf and dumb institute."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

LOST AND FOUND.

The following appeared in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard, of Saturday last: "Mr. Lester G. Marshall a deaf-mute living at 137 Ogden street is in great distress, having lost his son six years old. He was sent to the Post Office about half-past four yesterday afternoon by his parents and has not been seen since. He was dressed in a sailor's suit, round about jacket, knee pants, and wore shoes. He may easily be recognized from a peculiarity about his eyes, one being brown and the other blue. We hope any one having information concerning the lost boy will at once make it known to the police, as the parents being deaf-mutes and unable to enquire as others would are suffering greatly over their loss."

On the evening of the same day the Evening Telegram of New York printed the subjoined paragraph:—

"Among the abandoned and lost children in the care of Martin Webb at Police Headquarters, in this morning, is a deaf-mute, six years years of age, who is unable to make known in any manner his belongings. He arrived late last evening at the Grand Central Depot from New Haven, Conn., having come through in the Housatonic car attached to the train at Bridgeport. The conductor in passing through the car saw the little fellow sitting quietly beside an elderly gentleman, and presumed he was in his care, until the train arrived at the depot, when the little fellow lingered behind. The conductor began to question him, but received no reply."

Mr. Marshall, as soon as the intelligence reached him, started for New York, where he found his little boy playing among the lost and abandoned children that are daily brought to the police headquarters.

EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The next Re-union of the above named Association will be held in the city of Utica, on the last Wednesday of August next, and continue in session three days, one of which will be devoted to an excursion.

The elegant City Opera of Utica has been secured for the re-union, through the courtesy of Mr. J. J. Siegmán, a prominent mute of that city.

An oration will be delivered by Mr. J. H. Eldy, a teacher in the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution.

Notices of the excursion, reduced railway fares, hotel prices, etc., besides a programme of the re-union, will be given in the JOURNAL early in the season.

It appears that it is not generally known that any deaf-mute, whether lady or gentleman, of this country, no matter where they were educated, who pays the membership fee of one dollar, is entitled to participate in the proceedings of all meetings of the Association and vote for the officers. According to the Constitution, however, only resident deaf-mutes of the State of New York are allowed to become officers of the Association.

So far as we have heard, from the various quarters of this country, the present indications are that there will be a very large meeting of deaf-mutes in the city of Utica on the last day of August, 1881.

Let one and all come and enjoy a pleasant and profitable time.

H. C. RIDER, President.

E. A. HODGSON, Secretary.

FANWOOD.

Easter Holidays.

THE TYPOS VICTORY.

RUSSIA.

Items of Interest.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Good Friday was a half holiday at the Institution, and was commemorated as usual. The school and industrial departments began work at 9 A.M., and in the afternoon, school closed at 4. The first division assembled in the chapel at 9 A.M., while the second went to the shops. The Gospel relating to the trial and crucifixion of Christ was read by Prof. F. D. Clarke and translated *pari passu* by Dr. Peet, who made a prayer at its close. Then addresses were made by Messrs. Lloyd, Reeves and Mann. Miss Montgomery's Class rendered in beautiful signs the touching chapter in Isaiah, containing "He was despised and rejected of man, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the second division assembled in the chapel. The same chapters of the Gospel were read as in the morning, only this time Prof. Carrier read, with Dr. Peet translating. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jones and Gamage, and Prof. Jenkins.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., a stereopticon lecture was given in the chapel under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association. Prof. Carrier had kindly offered his services, which were eagerly accepted, as there had been no lecture with the stereopticon this year, and all wanted to get a sight of the instrument which disclosed to them the wonders of the universe, and amused them so much last year. The Professor chose "Russia" as the subject of his lecture, and the way he delivered it with the aid of the stereopticon does credit to him.

He began with a short history of Russia, and then showed some pictures of St. Petersburg, the present capital, and running through all the principal things worth seeing in that vast empire the lecture closed most appropriately with some comic views. During the lecture, the audience viewed the Admiralty buildings, all the principal palaces, canals, bridges, monuments, roads, etc., and tried to remember their queer names. What called forth the greatest exclamations of wonder was that the grounds of the Palace of the Tsarsko Silo were 18 miles in circumference, and that the Kremlin, of St. Petersburg, was two miles in circuit. Plenty of land to spare out there. The lecture lasted about an hour and an half.

The lecture was doubly interesting on account of the stirring events now happening in Russia. We wonder how the late Czar managed to hold on to life so long with assassins swarming on every side.

The chapel, on the morning of Easter Sunday, was decorated with flowers to a slight extent, which gave out their perfume to an assemblage which "devoured" it with feelings of pleasure. The morning sermon was delivered by Prof. Lloyd, and the afternoon service was conducted by Dr. Peet. Prof. Carrier gave a stereopticon lecture in the evening, on the Life and Death of Christ, which was especially appropriate for the occasion.

The wall at the head of the dining room was ornamented with an immense Easter egg, the work of some of the pupils, which was done by tracing leaves on the wall. In the centre, the following Bible text in old English letters was displayed "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

On account of the absence of so many pupils, school began at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst., Hon. H. P. Wood, of Syracuse, who has been prominently connected with the Assembly and Senate of the State of New York and always has been a wise and friendly legisla or in all things connected with the improvement of the deaf and dumb, spent a few hours in the afternoon visiting the class rooms.

Revs. Drs. Gallaudet and Weston, members of the Committee of Instruction, were at the Institution on Monday, the 11th.

That "Rastus," of the Rome Institution is one of the most rusty cusses we ever heard of. He is so hard up for news that he grabs at the most trifling mistakes imaginable. No wonder he grinned. He was all grin when he used to be a student here. We found out the awful fact that he had made a mistake in saying Miss Mitchell had been a teacher in the Rome Institution long before our rusty friend sent in his valuable (?) information. Wonder which side of his mouth he grinned on.

We made an awful mistake in putting down the dates of the exhibitions of this Institution in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. The almanac we used was "crooked." But we will set it right now. The first will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle on Thursday May 12th; the second on Tuesday, May 17th; and the third and last on the 22d of June.

On Tuesday, April the 19th, the

boys working in the printing office and those employed in the shoe-shop had a friendly game of base-ball. The game lasted only two innings. The score resulted in 11 for the typos, and 5 for the shoemakers.

This led to a match game for a prize ball which was set up for the club that should win. The game came off at one of the "diamonds" on the Institution grounds, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 23d inst. The printers styled their club the "JOURNAL" Club. That of the cobblers glorified in the not very handsome title of the "Old Shoe Club," thinking, no doubt, that there was some luck in old shoes. The wax slingers went first to the bat, and scored two runs before they were put out. In the first inning the typos scored five runs. Up to the fourth inning both sides were about even. Suddenly, at a word from Capt. Ennis an astonishing change took place in the play of the type-slingers. They warmed up to their work and did some fearful batting, and scored run after run, which filled the "old shoes" with dismay, who, when they saw no chance of winning the ball, lost all interest in the game. The typos steadily drew away, and finally won. The following score will show how the game was played.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Returning from the Camps.

GETTING READY FOR PRESENTATION DAY.

"Marriage and Married Life."

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Monday, the last day of the Easter vacation, found most of the students returned from their holidays' excursion, and much improved in consequence of the physical and mental relaxation. However, there were a few who were evidently determined to keep up the fun till the last moment, and returned under a mild protest. This was especially the case of two of the sophomore party, who did not put in appearance till a late hour on Monday evening. To judge from the account of the adventures they went through in a "look-up," it would appear that they would willingly have foregone their experience had not the fates been against them. They, or at least the boat they were in, was kept in a canal-lock for five hours, and they were forced to keep the boat company.

The students who remained at the college were not without their enjoyments, and one of the means that helped them to pass the time was a rather rich joke. It happened that a certain Junior, noted for his strict regard for cleanliness, decided that his mattress would be none the worse for a good beating. The thought was father to the act, and the hapless mattress was then tumbled out of the window and then carried near the Gym for the necessary pounding. Now it so happened that Prof. noticed these singular proceedings from a distance, and thinking that every thing was not O. K., made his way to Prof. and made known his doubts. Next the college porter was added to the party, and with candles, pistols, *et cetera*, a reconnaissance was made in the interest of peace and safety. First the Gym was examined from cellar to attic—no result; next the office was gone through—safe all right; college record, ditto; examination papers and questions also left alone. Where then was the burglar? This was the question that puzzled all, who were itching for an opportunity to show off their prowess as bull's-eye hitters. It was soon answered by the appearance of the mattress and its owner on the scene. Thus it will be seen we have escaped a direful robbery, and at present "all is quiet along the Potomac."

Our annual gala day will soon be among us, but it will hardly take us by surprise, nor find us unprepared to welcome it. Preparations are getting along finely, and will be completed in time for all things to move along smoothly. What the exact order of exercises will be we can only conjecture, at this date. It appears to be a foregone conclusion, however, that the orator of the day, aside from the class orators, will be some distinguished statesman. It is quite probable that this may turn out to be the Hon. S. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Interior, and a warm friend of the college. Besides this, the orations by the members of the graduating class promise to be of much interest. The topics chosen for discussion are not limited, and this fact with the well-known ability of the writers, gives hopes that the exercises will be in all respects *Par excellence*.

Occasionally, the Lit. enlivens its regular programme with the addition of a lecture by some one of the Professors. These lectures are always full of interest from being especially prepared for the benefit of the Literary men and their friends. Last evening the Society enjoyed one of these treats, and with it a well selected programme. The lecturer of the evening was Prof. Draper, and his subject, "Marriage and Married Life." It has been said that "what a Benedict does not know about marriage is not worth knowing," and the discourse proved that the Professor was fully able to master his topic. While all acknowledged the advantages of married life, he at the same time pointed out some of its tribulations, and suggested how they might be avoided. Throughout the discourse the bachelor audience paid the most solemn attention, and if they don't now know a good deal about connubial bliss it is not the Professors fault. A vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer upon his conclusion, amid applause. The remainder of the programme embraced an essay, "Spure Moments," Mr. Kerney, '85; debate, "Resolved, that the Negro has more cause for complaint than the Indian," Aff. Messrs. Veditz, '84, Robinson, '84. Negative Messrs. Smith, '83, Morrow, '85, decided in favor of Negative. Dialogue, "Telling losses by degrees," Messrs. Haas, '84, Haskins, '86. "The Spectre Pig," Mr. Waring, '85. The next meeting will be the last literary meeting of the term, the subsequent meeting being devoted to the annual Valedictory and reply oration.

CHIPS.

Get your swallow tails. The Kendalls need a good deal more practice.

Not at all, "Mr. Why," the Democrats knew what they were about when they sent them flowers.

The Kendalls go to Alexandria on May 7th, to play the High School boys of that historic city.

There was a grand rush of the students to Barnum's on the 19th. All say they got their money's worth.

The mumps has left us for some other region. We can spare it and trust it will not come around this way again.

Another book-case has been added to the library, and besides being an additional ornament to the room does excellent service.

The Fourth Sunday School Concert was held on the afternoon of Sunday, April 10th, and was well attended. The charity fund was enriched by five dollars.

The book-keeping class organized by Prof. Draper, recites Tuesdays and Thursdays. The class in former years made great advances in the study, and much is confidently expected from the present class.

LESTER MONTROSE.
KENDALL GREEN, April 23, 1881.

"COLUMBUS"

IT HAS COME! SPRING AND BASE BALL ALSO, AMONG THE BUCKEYE MUTES—EASTER, AND WHAT PROF. TALBOT SAID ON THE OCCASION—OFF FOR THE "CHESBENT CITY"—VIEWS AS PRODUCED BY THE AID OF MAGIC LANTERNS.

The ethereal mildness so long looked for has at last put in its appearance in real earnest, and consequently every body seems happy. It is being taken advantage of by the pupils, both large and small, in outdoor exercises of various kinds—the boys putting in their best looks at foot ball, with an occasional game of base ball to relieve the monotony, the girls in amusing themselves with the rope, see-sawing, promenadeing, and a few sometimes may be seen endeavoring to equal the more sterner sex in tossing the ball, at which some of them are pretty good hands.

Another effect the pleasant weather of this week has had is in giving the grounds of the Institution some needed attention, by clearing up and replacing trees killed by the severe winter weather or injured by the coasters, and making additions. Notably among the latter we might mention the "Fay" and "Rock" hills, which have been entirely treeless thus far, but will not be so in the future, as the gardeners set out on them a number of Norway pines the other day—eleven on the former one and ten on the latter. Some fourteen or more of elm and other trees have also been placed in different parts of the grounds, including the space north of the school building, on the boys' side.

Easter passed off among the pupils without much ado, there being nothing aside from the chapel service to mark it an unusual occasion. Easter eggs, or eggs for breakfast, which it has been the custom to serve the pupils on Easter morning, were this year left off the bill of fare.

Acting-Superintendent Talbot conducted the morning exercises, taking for his text "He is risen," with readings from the 27th and 28th chapters of Matthew, and from the *Chronicle* we append the principal parts of his lecture, which throughout was interesting and instructive:

"Mr. T. gave a brief explanation of the meaning of Easter, and some of the old customs and practices connected with its observance. The giving and eating of Easter eggs seems to have had its origin in the idea that the egg contains the germ or principle of life. An egg may also be a symbol of the resurrection; inasmuch as the young bird comes to the light of day breaking the marble walls of its prison, as Christ broke from the tomb on the first Easter morning. The use of flowers in the decoration of churches is also symbolical of the resurrection. As the cold, icy winter does not destroy the plant, but only keeps it seemingly dead, so the chill of death does not destroy the soul; but as surely as spring brings the flowers back to the earth, just as surely will the dead come to life and immortality."

"The old English custom of playing ball on Easter-day, even the women engaging in the sport, can not be explained except as an expression of the joy attendant on that day."

"The last part of the lecture was taken up with an account of the scenes in the week closing with the death of the Saviour; the precautions taken to guard his tomb, and the convincing proofs that 'He is risen.' Now we may each and all sing,

"Christ risen, and I shall surely rise."

The floral decorations of the chapel stage, always a feature of Sundays, was on Easter morning especially fine and profuse and were a fitting emblem for the occasion.

Our State Solons adjourned Wednesday noon without having accomplished anything regarding the establishment of another much needed and desired institution for the deaf and dumb. In the matter of appropriations, leaving out a few minor items, the school here was amply provided for during the present year.

The present school year has been rather a severe one on officers and teachers. First, Superintendent Perry broke down and had to give up his duties temporarily, and now Miss Byers of the Primary Class, has been forced to relinquish teaching and seek rest for a while. Prof. Stewart for some time has scarcely been able to take charge of his class, and there are also several other teachers nearly broken down by ill health.

Miss Byers, accompanied by her father, started Thursday for New

Orleans, where they will remain for three weeks.

Mr. Otis Vance, of the 1st Academic, will teach Miss B.'s class during her absence.

Superintendent and Mrs. Perry are expected to arrive about the 1st of May, and we are told, will come by way of New York.

The pupils were treated to a series of stereoscopic views Thursday evening under the direction of a Mr. Parmer, of this city, who proposes shortly to make a tour through the eastern states and Europe in giving exhibitions. He is a new man in the field, and though the one given here was his third attempt, it proved quite successful nevertheless and was much enjoyed by all. Among the views given were some relating to the life of Christ from his birth to his ascension, public buildings in Washington City, New York and Europe, with the usual variety of other scenes to help make up a show of this kind.

Mr. and Mrs. Waite arrived Monday evening, and for the present are boarding on Rich St.

Mrs. Samuel W. Flenniker was visiting the Institution and friends in the city the present week.

COLUMBUS.

4-23-'81.

Dots from Chicago.

Miss Eliza Anderson, of Cacerly, Ill., is now in Chicago, being employed as temporary housekeeper for Mrs. M. A. Emery.

Mr. Oscar Angelroth, a semi-mute graduate of the Wisconsin State School for Mutes, is employed in one of the best boot and shoe factories in Chicago. He and Miss Derby, the lively young editress of the *Delavan Modern Times*, were classmates.

Miss Angie Fuller is visiting friends and relatives in the city. Her friends will be pleased to learn that the condition of her eyes are now such as to enable her to see more clearly than formerly, and at quite a distance. She will probably remain in Chicago several weeks more, during which time it is to be hoped she will enjoy herself in various ways.

R. William Sullivan lately turned up in Chicago after an absence of several months. He was formerly counted among our number, but his trade (that of basket-making) having in the end, proved almost of no account, he determined to make money on a larger scale and therefore became a canvasser.

Prof. Emory is not only a semi-mute but he is semi-deaf. Well, the other morning a boy knocked at his door, and when the professor opened it, the boy began to say his speech—in other words, he began to explain his mission in the usual conversational tone. As Mr. E. could not hear him, owing to the distance, the one was from the other, the professor made a "C" with the fingers of one of his hands, and, placing it on his right ear, moved nearer and stooped forward in order to catch the sound. This proved a little too much, for it frightened boyie so badly that he jumped two feet away with lightning rapidity, and evinced much fear at the unusual spectacle. The good old man then proceeded to inform the frightened youngster that he was hard of hearing, in consequence of which it was necessary for persons to speak close to his ears. This explanation brought boyie back to his original boyhood.

Mr. Joseph Goodling, a mute, for eleven years a jeweller in the city of Elgin, Ill., is now a Chicagoan. He works in a tin shop.

From an illustrated literary magazine, we find that of Garfield's cabinet the gallant and idolized Blaine, and the pleasant looking Postmaster, General James, were both printers and publishers for several years in days gone by. Not to mention the other shining lights, past and present, that owe much of their success and literary acquisitions to the printer's trade, it is but fair to presume that such an occupation is fit only for mutes that have keen intellect.

It was generally supposed that the everlasting "Mr. Why" was gently laid under the sod, but we behold him yet once more. "O wretch, who art thou?" is probably the exclamation of all who are tormented.

Chicago has no deaf-mute society proper, though its officers exercise the functions of their offices whenever called upon to do so. Three years ago the mutes had a society, located on Madison street, the rent of which did not exceed the sum of \$5 per month. The very same mutes who, three years ago, caused the break-up of the Deaf-Mute Society, are to-day howling for a society! These same mutes could not afford to pay \$1 per month as membership fee, but they could very well afford to spend from 50 cents to \$1 weekly for cigars and drinks. Until last December, religious services had been conducted in Farwell Hall the first Sunday in every month. This was as infrequent as possible, since those clamoring mutes did not manifest a desire to attend religious worship, and generally preferred to spend the day where there was no worshipping. The attendance would seldom average over half a dozen, and once or twice the leader was greeted with an audience of a single individual. The same man never lectured each successive month, so that there could be no possible excuse for the non-attendance of those mutes who are now growling. It is especially true that those mutes in particular, hardly ever went to meeting more than three times in all. As the room in which our meetings were held, was in the Y. M. C. A. building, and was furnished as free,

it was considered a shame and a disgrace to our class for people to see what a small number of mutes in the great city of Chicago were professed Christians. It was therefore decided, until there was a change for the better, to no longer enjoy the privileges and generosity of the Y. M. C. A. so undeservedly; and the result is no religious services have been held in Farwell Hall this year, last year's arrangements with the Association, and those who gratuitously lectured having ended last December.

Last May, a "Home Independent Religious Society" was formed among the better class of mutes in Chicago. The members appointed Prof. Emery their permanent leader, so long as the society was in operation. The society is a year old, and always had a regular attendance. Meetings are held at the homes of members alternately every two weeks, and its members number some fifteen mutes. The society is strictly undenominational, and among its members are Mr. and Mrs. Roth (Pres.), Mr. Cotton (Epis.), Mrs. Cotton (New Church), Mr. and Mrs. George (Bap.), Mr. Gallagher (Pres.), Mrs. Wordworth (Meth.), Mrs. Skinner (Meth.), Miss Marshall (Pres.), Miss Jones (Pres.), and others. The members, as a body alone, have the power (by vote) to admit others or expel any objectionable person, and the rule of unanimity prevails. An invitation is always held out to well-behaved and respectable mutes to attend our meetings whenever they desire. Past experience with the society and in Farwell Hall, has obliged the members to adopt the universal rule of Churches and all well-organized societies, of not admitting any one likely to create a disturbance.

J. E. G.

Philadelphia.

In accordance with the request of a "Pennsylvania graduate," to present my argument concerning the proposed State Convention, to be held in this city sometime during the summer, or maybe in the fall, through the *JOURNAL*, I suggest the following ideas:

Judging from the many opinions expressed by different writers during the past six months, the subject (as is apparent) has been very widely discussed by some of the most intelligent pens, if I am not mistaken, in favor, perhaps, of the majority who desire the convention to be crowned with genuine success; therefore, I deem it imprudent to protest against it at a disadvantage.

I am of the opinion there are many others who would readily agree with me in this; but, who, on account of their modesty, or, perchance, lack of intelligence, never venture to express their precious sentiments before the public.

I am highly in favor of the convention, though I am not concerned with it; but I do not agree with the action of the Philadelphia mutes in their protestations, because I see the present fuss, caused by the opponents of "Defender," who are eagerly inquiring as to who he might be, and, perhaps, with bad motives, seeking to destroy his reputation. Oh! how I do wish this could be put a stop to.

"Ah me! those terrible tongues of ours! We half aware of their mighty powers? Do we ever trouble our hands at all? Where the just may strike or the hint may fall? We work away in our gossip rags, And somebody's glass, of course goes smash."

How mean it is to protest against brethren who are endeavoring to promote our welfare! "Defender," it is evident, is devoting a large part of his time, preoccupied as it is, to the amelioration of his fellow-creatures.

It is very discouraging to most readers who live out of the limits of this State, and therefore not connected with the convention, (for it will be remembered the *JOURNAL* extends its circulation all over the United States and Canada) to read such unpleasant controversies, arising from very minute causes, which give them no profit.

In consequence of the failure of the bill appropriating money for the support of this Institution last year, the Directors, in the Spring of 1881, deemed it necessary to visit Harrisburg in company with some of the pupils, in order to show the members of both Houses of how much value the Institution is to the State, and by this means endeavor to encourage the passage of the bill providing sufficient money for our maintenance.

Accordingly, on the 7th of April, 1881, Mr. Foster, the Principal, in compliance with this wish, visited Harrisburg with six girls and eight boys, all of whom were pupils, except one, Mr. Lee, a former pupil and the present prefect of the Boys' Department, Miss Garrett, teacher of articulation, and the Assistant Matron, Miss Briggs. Other friends of the Institution were also invited to go along. The pupils who went with him to exhibit, were the Misses Foley, Annis, Anderson, Leffler, Brooks and Donnelly, and Messrs. Hagy, Manning, Bowers, Huth, Spickler, Weidner and myself.

At noon, we left here for the place designated, and arrived there at 4:30 in the afternoon. On arriving, we immediately proceeded to Bolton's Hotel, the place appointed for our night's recreation, after which we visited the Capitol, where we had the pleasure of seeing the House of Representatives while it was still in session, the Senate Chamber, and several other principal rooms.

The exhibition began at 8 p.m., and lasted till about 11:30, or nearly midnight. The clapping of hands, with which the audience applauded us, and the general satisfaction expressed by the "State Solons," proves that the

exercises were very interesting. It closed after Miss Garrett had exhibited articulation very satisfactorily. The next morning we departed to visit the Indian School, at the old Carlisle Barracks. Here we, escorted by Capt. Pratt, who has charge of the School, were enabled to see the progress they make in their educational and industrial departments. They learn shoemaking, tailoring, wagonmaking, tin-smithing, blacksmithing, harness-making and carpentering.

Civilization has actually diverted their savage nature, in a great degree, to a much milder disposition. They (as it appears) prefer to live where they have been educated, and its surroundings, or amongst the whites, to prowling about in the great Western wilds where horror and bloodshed are always to be found.

Some of the members of the Ladies Committee and their friends visited our Sunday School on the 17th inst., and distributed beautiful Easter cards to the pupils. Thanks!! Thanks!! Thanks!!! to the ladies.

The pupils received free admission to see the great whale, which was on exhibition in this city a few weeks ago.

An invitation to visit the circus is extended to the pupils by the world-renowned showman, Adam Forepangh.

The C. L. Society is to be entertained by a lecture on "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," one of Shakespeare's tragedies, by the President, next Thursday evening.

LITTLE REP.

Colorado News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Thinking the readers of the JOURNAL have missed the letters which we regularly sent from Colorado last Fall, I presume the mute community here would not be justified if their doings were not occasionally mentioned. I would like to, at least, fill the position of that correspondent whose pen seems to have become rusty.

The subject of the college for mute ladies caused some very exciting scenes among the fair sex here, when it was first talked of, but the life seems to have died out of them already, as they see they will have to wait. I am sorry to state that they think that they must have it *now or never*. Poor girls, learn to wait, for you will have it by and by at the writer's expense when he "strikes it rich" on the snow-covered peak.

It seems that the mutes here have some curious ideas of their own. One is a printing press speculator, and another makes his speculation out of real estate, and still another makes his out of mining stock. The press speculator has plenty of old iron, while the mining stock speculator has plenty of rock from which to extract iron, then where is the difference between them?

Johnny P. Doise, a graduate from the Philadelphia Institution, but now a resident of this city, and who is known to many of the Philadelphia mutes as "L—g S—s," has just got rid of the name that printers usually give to a beginner—i.e., "devil."

Orange H. J. Kennedy, who is known to every reader of the *Index* as its artist, has been badly taken up with a fever that carries him to Chicago next week, and will keep him there until he becomes well versed in the engraving business.

Frank Chaney, a barber by trade—the boss barber in town, as everybody calls him—clipped the writer's wool so short that when he (the writer) came out of the barber shop, it was hard to distinguish him from a new born baby.

The *Colorado Mountaineer*, a seven column newspaper, devoted to the interest of this locality, has its composing force—from boss to devil—made up entirely of mutes.

Mr. Hugh M. Harbert, a teacher at the Institution, was seized with the terrible malady, known as "mining craze," a few days ago, and he made for Alpine, a mining camp some 150 miles west, to look after what is known as a "not always safe investment." The writer hopes he will return with plenty of rock—substance not worth mentioning in any publication outside of the State, but as I had a natural taste for Mineralogy, I cannot help stating that the mutes here, just as well as the hearing people, will be ready to mention mineral to strangers they meet down East.

Now, please don't say anything about silver or gold to a mute just returned from the West, for it will be at your expense to bring him to his senses again. To save yourself from being knocked over, you must stand five feet from him when he says in signs, "me see abundance gold, silyer, oh, dreadfully, much West."

The young ladies here need to be described to some extent, and having been requested to say something about them, I will not be responsible for the following: Our young ladies—the ones who are waiting for their college to be built—have some very fine intellects, which they keep hidden with bangs, on account of their modesty.

HIEROGLYPH.

COLORADO SPRINGS, April 18, 1881.

We never saw but one lung pad that we would have, and that was the one Bernhard wore in the third act of *Camille*. It was made of diamonds and reached from her neck clear across the level plain to where her corsets hook at the top, and must have cost thousands of dollars. And yet she seemed to be catching cold every minute.—*Peck's Sun*.

NEW YORK

Knights of Manhattan.

A DEBATE.

Chow Chow, Etc

It is not always that the meetings of the Manhattan Literary Association are well attended, but when any unusual attraction, such as a stirring lecture, an exciting debate, or a special entertainment of some kind is offered, then the mutes of this vicinity, of both sexes turn out in force.

Last Thursday evening a lively debate took place on the question,—"Is it expedient to found a college for deaf-mute ladies"—being one which has, of late, been freely discussed in the deaf-mute press. Considering this, we were greatly surprised at the slim attendance, there being but two ladies and not one half of the members present. For the affirmative, the ladies had weak champions, and but for the aid of volunteers, headed by the redoubtable Froehlich, and gallantly seconded by the new President, they would have fared badly, as it was they came out second best by a very few votes. The negative side was more lucky. John Wilkinson, B.A., (mark you ladies) a graduate of the National College, acted as *generalissimo*, and directed his forces with great skill. Of the volunteers on this side, Frank Kingman and Henry Frey did great service, as did Mr. Geo. Schlutt (a former member of the Association, who, by special permission was allowed to take part in the discussion). Upon a vote being taken, 21 (the greater part of those cast being by new members) were for the negative, and but 6 for the affirmative.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee then followed with a few remarks relating to the printing of tickets, etc., for the annual excursion, and then the meeting adjourned.

CROW CHOW.

Judging from the remarks of some persons in this vicinity, one would think the M. L. A.'s excursion was to be held on Staten Island, within a few miles of this city. This is all wrong, Eaglewood Park being about twenty-eight miles away, (inside route) and within sight of Sandy Hook. The management is in good hands, the boats will be well trimmed with flags, and all that can reasonably be done for the enjoyment of the participants will be done. Come one! Come all!! and bring your cousins, your sisters, your uncles and your aunts, and have a jolly good time.

The hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Weinberger is often graced by a large number of mute visitors of both sexes, who are aware they will be welcome whenever they call, consequently they are not backward in doing so. A few Sunday evenings ago, we stopped there for a short time. Many mutes were present, the occasion being the weekly semi-religious talk, lead by the Reverend-to-be Senior.

We don't know whether that Normal College student, "sweet sixteen," is going on the M. L. A.'s excursion or not, but hope she is.

The congratulations of ourself and the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Doran are hereby tendered. May their lives be one of peace, prosperity and happiness. If at any time clouds should appear, may they soon disperse and make their lives still more bright.

Miss Julia Smith, who has for the past four years been staying at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Connor as a friend and companion of their daughter, Hannah, has returned to her home in Buffalo. Her friends hereabouts will greatly miss her, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing her again before long.

Go it, "Mr. Why!" Make the soreheads howl.

The new Constitution and By-laws of the M. L. A. are still in the hands of the printer. When they will be done and issued is something which no "fella" can find out.

It's rumored in town that Mr. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, is to be married in the fall to a charming young lady of the same place, a graduate of "Old Panwood's" Class of '80.

April 23, '81.

AMERICUS.

SOCIAL PARTY

A very pleasant party was held at the residence of Mr. Franklin Campbell, New York City, on Wednesday, April 20th.

A good many deaf-mutes, and several hearing ladies were present.

Dr. Gallaudet, and his collaborer, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, were present. The wife of the latter accompanied him.

During the early part of the evening, conversation, games, and dancing were each turn indulged in. The affair was gotten up for the purpose of presenting a tea service to Mr. and Mrs. Boughton, which was done in a neat little speech by Mr. George Farley.

He was followed with a few remarks by Mr. B. Clark, of *Local Reporter*.

The mutes requested Dr. Gallaudet

to say something, and he accordingly rose and made a few characteristic remarks, dwelling slightly upon his work, and the pleasure it gave him to associate with his deaf-mute friends.

The two reverend gentlemen left early in the evening, but the rest of the company had a right merry time until the "wee emm" hours ayont the twal."

A fine supper was served at half-past eleven.

Mr. Campbell is a fine specimen of independent and sturdy effort, and is quite prosperous. He was one of the pupils who were taught by Mr. Levi H. Backus, at Canajoharie, N. Y., and worked in the printing office of the *Deaf-Mute Radii*, the first paper published for deaf-mutes, about the year 1840.

By an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, the pupils at the school at Canajoharie were required to attend the New York Institution, then situated at 50th Street. Mr. Campbell exhibited his Certificate, signed by James Milner, the President of the Board of Directors at that time, and by Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, the Principal of the Institution.

Looking at the old age-yellowed document, with its picture of the Institution and surroundings, it is hard to realize that what is now the aristocratic part of New York City, occupied by millionaires, who reside in brown stone mansions, was forty years ago a turnpike road with brambles and thistles growing on either side. In less than half a century, the marshy land, covered with meadow grass, has given place to splendor and magnificence which is unrivaled on this continent. The old Institution forms one of the buildings of Columbia College at the present day.

Mr. Campbell has a deaf-mute wife, a daughter, who is both intelligent and handsome, and two sons. All his children can hear.

THIN SPACE.

TROUBLE AMONG THE MUTES.

IT IS CHARGED THAT NETTIE LOTHBRIDGE WAS ABDUCTED FROM BUFFALO.

In Rochester yesterday, a mute, giving his name as J. M. T. Davis, and a woman who claimed to be his wife, were arrested on a suspicion of having abducted a mute girl named Nettie Lothridge, aged 19, from Buffalo, with the intention to take her to New York for unworthy purposes. Ward L. Sutherland, a teacher in the Rochester mute asylum, was informed of the fact by a letter from Buffalo yesterday. The accused parties, when taken to the police station, declared that they had just come from Chicago, where Davis had been working at the printers trade as "Dummy" Davis, that they found Miss Lothridge in Buffalo working for a mute family, but receiving no pay for her labor, and they took pity on her and offered to take her to New York, where she had relatives. Davis wrote on a slip of paper as though righteously indignant, "She is as innocent as a baby, and any person who says I have the least intention to ruin her is a liar." As the girl wanted to go with them, there was nothing that would warrant the officials in detaining her. The trio were allowed to continue their journey. The letter above alluded to charged that Davis was an ex-convict, having served a term in prison for shooting a policeman in Cincinnati.—*Exchange*.

A day or two after the publication of the above, the following letter was received at the JOURNAL office. It is unnecessary to state that we did not "congress immediately to Albany."

WRITE HALL, C. A. NOTT, PROPRIETOR.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 20, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL":—

DEAR SIR:—Will you have the kindness as to find out the address of Mr. Henry Way, Mr. Edwin Lothridge, Mr. Edward Lothridge. The former is a half-brother and the latter full brother to a deaf and dumb young lady by the name of Miss Nellie Lothridge, of Buffalo, N. Y. She is with me now. I am taking the lady to New York to leave her with one of her brothers. She has four, but I have forgotten the name of the fourth one. Her parents are both dead. She lived with a deaf and dumb family of Buffalo, by the name of Girardin. Worked for them eight months. They promised to pay her weekly, etc., and paid her for the first and second weeks; but since then never gave her a single cent or a piece of rag to wear.

The Chief or Superintendent of Police of New York can help you, etc. Have just written them. Want to get her off my hands as soon as possible, as she came near getting me into trouble at Rochester, last evening. At Buffalo, she stated that she had written to her half-brother, Mr. Way, of her being with me, but at the Rochester Police headquarters, she confessed that she did not, stating she did not know in what part of New York City her brother lived.

Write immediately to Albany, N. Y., and oblige

Yours respectfully,

J. M. T. DAVIS.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Dayton, O.	April 22d.
Cincinnati, (Confirmation)	" 24th.
Piqua, Ohio.	" 25th.
Dayton, (Confirmation)	" 26th.
Marion, Ohio.	" 27th.
Detroit, Mich.	May 1st.
Flint, " "	" 2d.
Jackson, " "	" 3d.
Pittsburg, Pa.	" 8th.
Erie, (probable)	" 9th.

(Continued from 1st page.)

does he do? He sets off with you; but when within a few leagues of Peronne, he gave you up to a traveling beggar, desiring him to take care of you. From a poor little mite he thought he had nothing to fear. He then went to his own country and was married, but wrote to my father to say that you had died. The great God, however, punished Bonjot. Three years afterwards, his wife died; and a child that he had died also; and he was himself so ill that he that he thought he should die, and he wrote to my father and confessed all that I am now telling you; and my poor father has never had a day's peace since: he was always fancying that some dreadful thing must have happened to you. He had asked till to-morrow to decide—no whether you are to be restored to his heart and his affections, but to his titles and estates; but I, for whose sake he would disinheritor you, will not accept them. Come, then, and claim your rights; come, my elder brother and preserver, come to my arms!

Your affectionate brother,
JULES DE SOLAR.

The young mute was powerfully moved on reading the above letter. He, a poor boy without name, brought up by the charity of a priest, was then, a member of an illustrious family; he had a father high in rank, a tender and affectionate mother; a brother for whom he had unwittingly risked his life, and for whom he would now willingly even give it! Breathless, immovable, his eyes fixed upon the letter, he sat as if stupefied, until the servant, who was impatient for an answer, touched his arm, and recalled him to himself. Tearing a leaf from a book, with a pencil he always had beside him, he wrote as follows:—

"Let the wishes of our father be fulfilled. Oh, my brother, it is not for you to thwart them, much less for me to take advantage of your generous disposition. I ask not from my father his fortune or his title; unfavored as I am by nature, what should I do with such worldly bables? All I desire is his and my brother's affection; I do not ask yours, for I possess it. Come to me, then, my brother, for I cannot enter my father's house without his permission."

JOSEPH.

Pupil of the Abbe de l'Epee.

During Joseph's long sleep, the good woman of the house had carefully dried his clothes; and as soon as his letter was despatched, she brought him a comfortable breakfast of hot coffee and bread, which she insisted on his taking before he rose. When Joseph was dressed, his first act was to throw himself upon his knees, and offer up his heartfelt acknowledgments to that Heavenly Father who had protected his infancy, and now brought him, in His own good time, within the reach of his earthly parents. He had been so occupied for some time, when he felt his neck encircled, and an affectionate kiss imprinted on his forehead; he turned his head, and beheld Jules, and a moment after he was folded in the arms of his parents. Fernand, as we must now call him, the acknowledged elder son of the Count de Solar, was overpowered with joy at recognizing in the affectionate mother who now pressed him to her heart, the beautiful woman who used so fondly to caress him in his childhood. But in the midst of all this happiness, the amiable and grateful boy did not forget his benefactor. "It is to you," he said in his own mute language to the Abbe de l'Epee, "that I owe it all; to you I owe my life, and the intelligence that gives value to that life: it is to you that I am indebted for all the knowledge I possess both of this world and the next; that I am able to write my own thoughts, and to read those of others; and it is to you that I now owe the unexpected happiness of discovering my parents, and of finding them all that my golden dreams of childhood had represented."

It was, indeed, a fete-day at the castle of St. Ange. The tenants and dependents all assembled to congratulate the count on the unexpected restoration of his son; but the same evening, that most interesting young man sent the following lines to his brother:—

"DEAR BROTHER:—God, in depriving me of the powers of speech and hearing, has marked out my path, which must be a private one. I am not formed to lead. Forgive me, dear brother, for coming to share the affection of my father and mother; but it is all that I wish for from my beloved parents. Keep your title, which you will adorn so much better than I could; and the fortune, that you will know so well how to use. For myself, I ought not, and cannot leave him whose life is wrapped up in mine, who has made himself a child to play with me, and a teacher to instruct me. His arms supported me in my infancy, and now mine shall be the prop and support of his old age. This, my brother, is what I had to tell you; and you, who have the gift of speech, I beg of you to obtain for me the consent of my father to remain with the Abbe de l'Epee. You can console my parents for my absence, while nothing could console my good and kind Abbe for my loss. At this time, every year, I will come and visit the paternal roof; I will sit at my father's table, will refresh my heart with the sweet looks of my mother, and enjoy all the delights of family union, from which I have been so long severed; but all

claim to title or fortune I resign in your favour. FERNAND DE SOLAR."

All came to pass as the young mute had decided; after having remained some little time at the castle, he left it with the Abbe de l'Epee, of whom we must now make more particular mention.

Charles Michael de l'Epee, was born at Versailles on the 25th of November, 1712; his father was architect to the king of France. He was educated at a good seminary, and destined for the church; he obtained a canonry in the cathedral of Troyes. He refused a bishopric offered him by Cardinal Fleury, in return for some personal services rendered by his father. It was, as has been related in this story, the sight of these two lovely young girls, that determined him to devote himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb—an art of which he derived the first idea from reading a Spanish treatise on the subject. The Abbe de l'Epee, however, had the merit of bringing the art into more general use, extending its advantages, and having it made the object of a national institution. He was enthusiastic in the pursuit he had undertaken. From his father, he inherited a small property, nearly the whole of which he expended on his pupils; he lived in the midst of them, like a father surrounded by his children. He died on the 13th of November, 1782, at the age of seventy years. The Abbe de l'Epee was undoubtedly one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. He was the author of an account of the cure of Marianne Pegalle, and an elementary treatise on the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

A Little More about the Seminary.

Wonders never cease. Ever since the estimable lady, Miss Fuller, suggested the "Leap Year Proposal," there have been varied discussions about the seminary. Some rushed in and approved of it, and pledged their "mite," and some shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads and said it would never be a success. Some want it partly an industrial school, some try to transform the seminary into a school of cookery, or rather a bakery, and much idle talk and argument has been indulged in against it. Some say none but confirmed old maids will be candidates for this school, because they will have to stay a dozen years or more to procure a complete education. Others say that the girls do not need as thorough an education as the boys. Some say it would not do for the lady students to practice cooking and housework with their studies, because they would get tired and heated which would unfit them for literary study. Some suggest that gardening would be good for exercise; others remark that such exercise as this in the blazing July weather is unbearable, that they must, of course, wear boots and short dresses, like the ladies of the Hygiene Home, and wear gloves lest their dainty hands get tanned, and wear broad-brimmed hats to keep the sun from burning their alabaster faces, for they cannot work with a parasol in one hand and a hoe in the other.

I have stated enough of what others have said, although there are a great many more things that have been mentioned. One can not expect to please all. Many will differ in their own opinions independently. As for myself, I think the most proper thing for the ladies to study, is to study that which is the most useful, instructive, and beneficial, and that would ennoble their lives, and fit them for that station in life they may be called upon to fill.

It is true that the daughters of the wealthy are only expected to have the privilege of attending this school. I strongly recommend gardening, as there is nothing better physically for women than the care of a flower garden, and it is a pleasure that requires neither profound wisdom, much labor, or expense. Bee culture and poultry raising are next recommended. I should also like to see the ladies take a few lessons in culinary art, say for an hour each day, aside from their literary studies, and it would prepare them to fill their homes with housewifely grace.

It is not necessary that they should do the drudgery of the work—leave that to the hired servants. I would also suggest an occasional lecture from a female physician with some instruction in regard to nursing the sick, which would I think be well with their other studies. It will probably be a long time before the mute ladies will be able to have a seminary, but there is no need to giving up in despair or wait for the completion of the seminary.

If there are enough ladies now to form a little class that wish for a higher education, why not hire some rooms in some private or public building, procure good teachers, and try it for a while and see how it succeeds. If it is approved of, invite Congress in to visit it and show them, how much a seminary for mute ladies is needed, and perhaps they will lend a helping hand.

Yours truly,
MRS. FOLLETTE.

April 20, 1881.
From North Stockholm, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your Journal comes to me regularly, and is more newsy than formerly.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Needham came to this country from Flint, last March, on account of Mr. Needham's health, which is very poor. He has been sick for four years, and is not able to work. We are very sorry for

him. His friend, H. K. Needham, of Parishville, N. Y., takes good care of him. He sold all of his property in Michigan. He was educated at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford. His wife's maiden name was Nancy Barnhart. Mr. Needham was once a splendid organ and cabinet maker. We hope his health will improve.

Mrs. H. Lansing, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., and Miss F. M. Morgan, of Watertown, N. Y., recently spent a week in visiting at our place. They enjoyed it very much, and we admired their appearance and nice manners. I took them to visit Mr. Henry Scullin, a respectable deaf-mute farmer, and spent a short time and took supper with them, then went to Potsdam and visited Mr. and Mrs. William Duff, (hearing people) who are old friends of Miss Morgan. They stayed a few days with them, and then went home. We expect to hear from them soon.

We should like to have some person or persons who are in poor health, board with us the coming summer. The celebrated Massena Springs are near us. We will give them good and cheap board.

Yours truly,
J. H. WINSLOW.

Concerning a Contemptible Class.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The following letter from Superintendent Noyes, of the Minnesota Institution, to the *Mute's Companion* will explain itself. I cannot forbear asking for it a place in your columns. The person to whom it refers, is only one of many, who are imposing upon the public. They have learned this disreputable business from a few of our community, who make a trade of their misfortune. I have sought, from time to time, through the daily press, to inform the public, and expose both classes:—

SUPERINTENDENT'S LETTER.

MY DEAR PUPILS:—Since my return from the South, I have desired to tell you a few things, and instead of doing it in the chapel, when you are all together, as I sometimes do, I propose to put it in the form of a letter and let you read it in the *Companion*, and then you can refer to it as often as you please, and ask your friends if they approve of it.

I shall introduce the first thought I have to offer by giving an incident that occurred while traveling. One pleasant morning while we were journeying, there entered the car, a bright looking, well dressed, active, and apparently intelligent young man of about twenty-one years of age, who commenced distributing cards to the passengers in a very gentlemanly manner. I took one and on it were printed these words:

"I AM BOTH DEAF AND DUMB, and have a widowed mother and two small sisters to support. I am unable to work, and as I cannot hear, or speak, it is very hard for me to get along. PLEASE HELP ME! As this is the only way of making a living, I ask aid. Any contributions tendered towards helping me along will be gratefully received by

"G. W. H."

A contribution was offered in exchange for the card from which the above is copied. It is just possible that he is an honest beggar, if there is such a thing, but his looks, his activity, his smiling countenance, and his professional air, as well as the emphasis put upon the fact of his being DEAF AND DUMB, and unable to HEAR or SPEAK, all suggested the idea that he was not so *needy* as appeared on the face of the card. It made my blood tingle to the very tips of my fingers to see him collect the contributions offered, and glide out of the car at the next station. This incident afforded me material for reflection for hours, and has often recurred to me since. I am not aware that any former pupil of this Institution ever became a beggar, and I trust there never will be one. After all the State has done to give you an education and a trade, never, no, never resort to begging as "the only way of making a living." Do your best to earn an honest living, and trust the Lord and a Christian Community for the rest. You may get your hands soiled and blistered by hard work and obtain only a humble fare maybe, but it will be the product of your own toil, which gives good digestion, an easy conscience and an honest living.

Resolve never to make a living by begging, and then carry out your resolution though the heavens fall, and there is one who will always be proud to subscribe himself,

Your Sincere Friend,
J. L. NOYES.

Mr. Veditz to "Mr. Why."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your last issue, "Mr. Why" writes what he calls an explanation of his conduct, denying that he has been writing personalities, and asserting that he has made no remarks injurious to the character of any one.

His excuses are given with a fine assumption of bravado, but they won't count; and are only calculated to increase the contempt with which he is regarded by the students, and all intelligent and sensible readers of the JOURNAL.

His conceit must be simply astonishing, if he imagines that the remark he made about us had the result he mentions in his explanatory letter, and we would not give a cent for his discriminating powers if he thinks he has done us, above all others, injury.

He offers as his hand as if he expected us to accept it. He evidently

does not know that we only shake hands with gentlemen, and not with such a contemptible scoundrel as he, who, having concealed his identity by an assumed name, can well afford to deal blows in the dark which he would never dare to give openly.

We passed over his first remark about us in silence, but his second necessitated a reply, and we give it.
G. W. VEDITZ.
KENDALL GREEN, April 19, '81.

A Very Singular Case of Deafness.

The following is taken from the *Cleveland Leader*. It is the substance of an interview between a reporter of another paper and the Hon. Edwin Cowles, President of the Leader Printing Company, who is troubled with a peculiar deafness.

MR. COWLES:—"Ever since I was born I had the misfortune to have a very peculiar deafness which affected my pronunciation."

REPORTER—"How can your hearing affect your pronunciation, if I may be allowed to ask the question?"

"The answer to that question will surprise you and your readers. My deafness is somewhat of the nature of color blindness. There are certain sounds I never hear. I have never heard the sound of the bird since I came into this world, and until I grew up to manhood I had always supposed the music of the bird was a poetical fiction. You may fill this room with canary birds, and they may all sing at once, and I never would hear a note, but I would hear the fluttering of their wings. I never hear the hissing sound in the human voice, consequently not knowing of the existence of that sound, I grew up to manhood without ever making it in my speech. A portion of the consonants I never hear, yet I can hear all the vowels. I never could distinguish the difference between the hard sound of the letter 's' and the soft sound, consequently I frequently mix these sounds in a sad manner. It is the same with the soft and hard sound of the letter 'g'. It was only by accident, after my marriage, that I discovered the existence of the hissing sound in the human voice. I was then taught arbitrarily how to make it, but I never hear it in my own voice, consequently I frequently miss making that sound in my speech without knowing it. Owing to its having become second nature to me to omit the sound of the letter 's', when I do make it I labor in doing so, which in a great measure gives my pronunciation the peculiarity it has. There are words which I pronounce literally according to the spelling, which gives an additional peculiarity to my speech. For instance, I used to pronounce the word 'parochial' just as it is spelled until I was corrected, when I now pronounce it 'parokial'. I cannot hear the difference between the sounds 'ch' and 'k' when embodied in a word. All these examples will give an idea how it is that my peculiar deafness affects my speech. Before I was taught to make the hissing sound, my pronunciation sounded the same to everybody that theirs did to me! About a quarter of the sounds in the human voice I never hear, and I have to watch the motion of the lips, and be governed by the sense of the remarks in order to understand what is said to me. I have walked by the side of a policeman, going home at night, and seen him blow his whistle, and I never could hear it, although it could be heard by others half a mile away. I never hear the upper notes of a piano, violin and other musical instruments, although I would hear all the lower notes. I can hear low conversation, but cannot as a general rule understand a public speaker in a hall. Now you will understand how it is that my impediment of speech is owing entirely to my extraordinary hearing. I have consulted the most eminent surgeons, physicians and aurists in the country in regard to my hearing, and they all tell me that there is not another case like it in the book."

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

VICKSBURG, MISS., April, 1881.
DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Leaving Kosciusko, Miss., on the afternoon of the 14th inst., after an encouraging service, I reached Jackson the same night at eleven o'clock, where I met my old friends Messrs. Saunders and Cabaniss, who so kindly escorted me to the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institution in a hack which they had so liberally hired me.

Supt. Doyns welcomed me at the front door with the cordiality of a true friend, and took me to my room where I found a table covered with some good things to please my palate, and a small tea kettle lying on the hearth by a cheerful fire, which was quite a luxury. Pleasant chats carried on between Messrs. Doyns and Saunders and the writer until a little after midnight. My appetite being satisfied, I retired, much fatigued, but the rising sun found me much refreshed.

On Friday night, the 15th inst., a combined audible and sign service was conducted in St. Andrew's Church, Jackson, by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, a promising young divine, and your missionary, in the presence of Supt. Doyns, and his officers and pupils and others. One of the deaf-mute girls Miss Rosa Thomas, a fine looking lady, received baptism at the hands of the deaf-mute preacher, Supt. Doyns, though he is a Presbyterian, encouraged the services very well. He is a true Christian gentleman.

I would have staid in Jackson much longer but for the appointment

which I made before starting on this extensive trip.

On Saturday morning I left for this celebrated city, where I have been resting well since my arrival. I shall not rest again so long as I have been resting, because I shall have to meet the rest of my appointments a few days late in every place.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Harelet, once a member of the National Deaf-Mute College, who says that he is doing well as a book-keeper, and Miss Falkerson, formerly a pupil of the Mississippi Institution.

Please excuse brevity, so I must bid you good bye.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

ENCOURAGING A MISSIONARY.

The Rev. Job Turner sends us for insertion in the JOURNAL, a copy of a letter from the pupils of the Texas Institution through Mr. N. M. P. Spurgeon, in whom he was much surprised to find as skillful a printer as any speaking person:—

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION,
AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 29, 1881.

REV. JOB TURNER:—In behalf of the pupils of this Institution (and especially at the request of the High Class boys) permit me to express their sentiments in plain English language. Since you have been among us and the sermon you gave in the chapel on Sunday morning, and the service rendered in the Episcopal Church over the river, they feel grateful, and have received more enlightenment. The short time you are compelled to stay among us makes them feel regretful, but hope, at your next annual return, which they hope may be of a shorter duration than the former one, they wish you to make arrangements so you can make your stay among us no longer than the present one. When you leave us, you can go with a clear conscience that all of us wish you good speed and a safe journey, and, in no better language can I say "God bless you."

Yours respectfully,
N. M. P. SPURGEON.

During his visit to Prof. Hammond at the Arkansas Institution, he had the great pleasure of receiving a very kind letter from Supt. Swiler, of the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Delavan, bearing date March 8, 1881, in which he wrote as follows:

REV. JOB TURNER:—Prof. Hammond, my esteemed friend, writes me that he is soon to be favored by a visit from yourself, and having in mind the great pleasure I enjoyed in meeting you in Illinois and Michigan three years ago, and seeing that the Wisconsin Institution is not on your list of appointments for this season, I am forced to the conclusion that you have forgotten me.

However, if your other engagements permit, I wish you would include this institution in your list of visits, and spend a few days with us prior to June 8th, at which time our school will close.

With every kind thought and wish for yourself and the "Grand Mission" in which you are engaged,

I remain most sincerely and respectfully your friend,
JOHN SWILER.

Mr. Turner has accepted the flattering invitation with great pleasure and expects to visit his warm friend Mr. Swiler and his institution at Delavan from the first of May till the 6th, God permitting.

Education of Deaf-Mutes.

Dr. John G. Brown, President of the Board of Trustees of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, has submitted to the members of the Legislature an earnest appeal in behalf of this charity, which it is hoped will receive due consideration. There have already been gathered into this institution deaf and dumb children far in excess of the number supposed to exist in the western counties of the State. There are now in attendance one hundred and five pupils—sixty-six boys and thirty-nine girls—representing the counties of Allegheny, Armstrong, Blair, Butler, Cambria, Clarion, Crawford, Fayette, Franklin, Indiana, Jefferson, McKean, Mercer, Schuylkill, Venango, Warren, Washington, Westmoreland, and York. These children ought to be particularly the wards of the State, because their only chance of becoming self-supporting depends upon their getting an education, which the great majority of them cannot obtain except through State aid or private charity.

The bill now before the Legislature, in addition to making the usual appropriation for the school, also proposes to aid the trustees in the erection of suitable buildings. The property at Turtle Creek, now used for school purposes, is leased. The lease expires in less than a year, and it is uncertain whether a renewal can be had. The buildings are insufficient to accommodate those already in the school, while others are anxious to gain admission, so crowded are they for room, that beds have to be placed in the halls, and the teachers are obliged to board elsewhere than in the building. Indeed, the property is not adapted to the wants of the institution at all, because it was not anticipated at the outset that so many deaf-mutes could be gathered up. One of the greatest wants is a suitable building for instructing the pupils in industrial pursuits, by which they will be trained to habits of industry and qualified in some degree, for supporting themselves when they leave the school.

The principal reason why the trustees are anxious to have an appropriation for buildings at this session is, that failure to obtain aid now means that the institution must go without a suitable building for five or six years to come, and, as Dr. Brown says, "this involves the painful prospect that at least one hundred and fifty of these unfortunate children in Western Pennsylvania must grow up without education, for in five or six years fully that number in this section of the State will have passed beyond the proper school age." Another reason is, that with adequate facilities, fully one hundred and fifty additional deaf-mute pupils would be gathered into the institution, it being

known that there are not less than three hundred in Western Pennsylvania. The State of New York, with a population not quite one-fourth greater than that of Pennsylvania, has five institutions for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, with 1,230 pupils, while our own State has only two schools with an aggregate of 432 pupils. Taking the ordinary data for estimating the number of deaf-mutes, it is reasonably certain that there are not less than one thousand in Pennsylvania, less than one-half of whom are under instruction.

Experience teaches that in all charitable enterprises of this nature the means for benefiting the unfortunate classes must first be provided, before the number willing to avail themselves of the facilities afforded can be definitely ascertained. But if not a single additional pupil were awaiting admission, and if scores of others would not be invited to come in as soon as they saw room for their accommodation, the Legislature can make no mistake in aiding the trustees to the extent desired, simply because new buildings are required for the proper instruction of those now under their charge. They are in possession of ten acres of land on the Pennsylvania Railroad, just outside the city limits, worth \$20,000, have \$17,000 in money and \$3,500 in reliable subscriptions, and pledge themselves to raise \$20,000 more if the Legislature will give the aid asked. This is certainly a just and reasonable request, and it is hoped that the bill will pass. The members from the western counties are all interested in it, and if they make the effort they can secure the appropriation. There ought to be no opposition to it from any quarter.

Young People and Marriage.

A Reverend gentleman, who has been devoting a good deal of attention to observation among the married, lately took occasion to lecture upon the subject of marriage to a well filled house. Following is a synopsis of the lecture, which is not only interesting but too true:

"Love, which has its origin from heaven (for God is Love and Love is God), is the greatest mystery that links one person with another. It is kept pure and in its primitive state, or is defiled, according to our lives. A mother's love is so great that she will often suffer in order that her children may be happy. The love which a true wife bears for her husband is none the less powerful. Unfortunately for the world, parents often commit a most lamentable mistake by interfering in the love affairs of their grown sons and daughters.

"Granting that it is in the natural order of things for parents to advise their children in the matter of selecting partners, they most unquestionably have no moral right to press their child to marry one Mr. Smith, whom they like and who is probably rich; or to attempt to cut off the intimacy of their son or daughter with one Mr. Jones, whom they do not like. When one marries, he or she does not marry one that 'pleases Papa,' but one that pleases him or her. Whether the man or lady of their choice pleases or disgusts 'Papa,' is not to be thought of if the person is only of good standing. Marry the one you love. Love is too sacred and dangerous a subject to be trifled with, and one might as well try to stem the falls of Niagara as to check the outpouring of love that exists between lovers. With true lovers, heart answers heart, hence this accounts for the marriage of parties in different stations of life. Heaven has a guiding hand in such affairs; but with trifling lovers, or those whose love is shallow, and who consequently marry for worldly considerations, our God of Infinite Love certainly has nothing whatever to do with it.

"It is a most deplorable circumstance that mistakes in the choice of partners for life, and divorces, are growing with alarming rapidity. Now-a-days, a young man meets a lady, and after a few month's acquaintance, they marry. The sequel of such unions, in the majority of cases, need not be once more related.

"Young men and women have apparently ceased to choose partners from among their old school-day acquaintances or from their neighbors, as was the custom in former years, when disruption in families and divorces were of rare occurrence. Trifling lovers are to-day more common than black-birds, and the so-called love six men out of ten claim to cherish for their lady, is mere flattery; or perchance they are for a while enamored of her by reason of her personal attractions. Engagements are speedily effected and as speedily broken off, thereby adding fuel to our already overheated, wicked, demoralizing world.

"The moment one trifles with what is sacred, he is no longer a man—he has transformed himself into a veritable demon. Marriage engagements have a vast amount of solemnity and sacredness attached to them, and He, who is Love, never intended that His people should thus wantonly violate obligations on the fulfillment of which so much of the world's happiness depends. The amount of deceit and cunningness practiced by lovers of to-day, of both sexes, is simply shocking. Often we hear of a young lady breaking off her engagement with a worthy man to whom she was attached, and marrying another, merely because he had plenty of nickels; only to discover some time afterward that there is a just and never sleeping God, who never fails to see that the wilfully wicked get their just reward.

"Who is not acquainted with a

married pair, of whom the wife was in love with a certain young man in her younger days,—popularly called first love—and who cannot banish his name from memory. Although she has a husband, and is, perhaps, in the enjoyment of all the luxury and comfort of life, she yet actually still loves the man to whom Providence first directed her heart. She is ever and anon secretly repining over her mistake. Poor, unhappy woman! She never understood what love was, and she never dreamed that no worldly possession could ever compensate for the loss of that which is the very foundation of our happiness. This is no exaggeration, for there are hundreds of wives who will frankly acknowledge this much, and thousands who would confess more but for the lack of courage and fear of ridicule.

"Now let us turn to the masculine side of this unpleasant subject. Do you not notice that a great many husbands seem utterly devoid of affection for their wives? Don't you see that many of them prefer the company of others to that of their wives? How many prefer to make the saloons and club rooms their chief rendezvous, instead of their homes? Are there very many husbands to-day that are devoted and affectionate? Verily not! Why are not husbands and wives of to-day what they ought to be and what married couples were in the good old times? Simply because people of this age disregard all principles upon which true and lasting love rests. Many a young man of the present day is known to have broken off an engagement with a lady on frivolous pretexts, in order that he may have a chance to take for his wife one more beautiful, or more 'plump,'—one who has a few hundred dollars. We need not follow such men in their marriage, when the daily newspapers are filled with cases of divorce, cruelty, neglect and desertion.

"In the name of common sense, it is asked, what are modern courtships and marriages of to-day as compared with those of a quarter of a century ago? Most of them are a mockery, and a disgrace to civilization. No wonder, then, that many good old people, in contrasting the two, feel like donning the sackcloth of mourning. Young men and women, beware how you act between Infinite Love and a particular individual. If you are married, remember that true happiness cannot exist without religion. If you are engaged, fulfill your engagement at any cost; otherwise you shall not escape the tribulation due those who fail to fulfill promises made before God."

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